new masses

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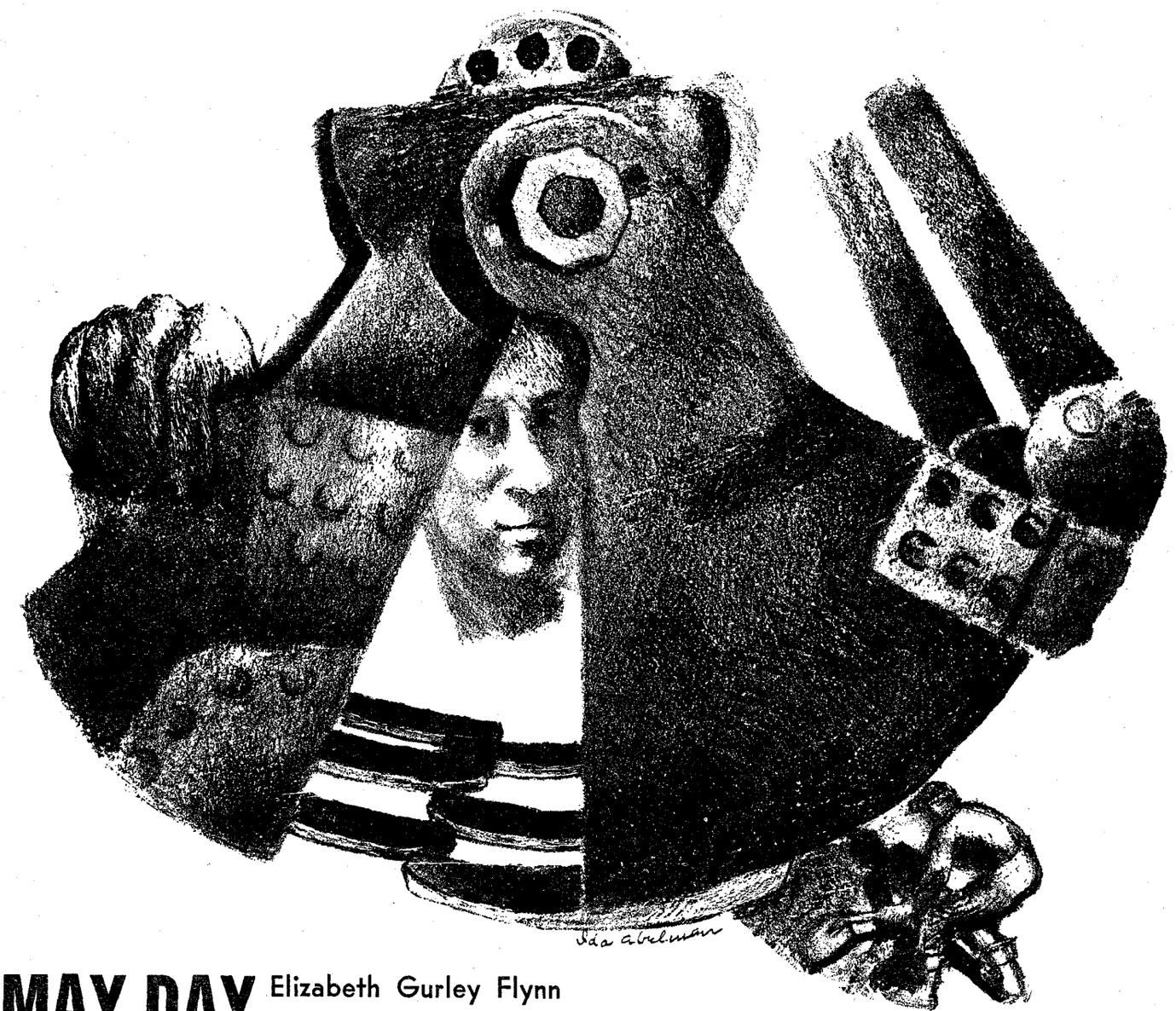

MAY DAY Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Charles Humboldt

A *NEW SERIES*: BOOKS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD • Short Story by Carlos Bulosan

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just a minute

LAST week, in two unforgettable meetings—NEW MASSES' Cultural Conference, and the symposium on "Art as a Weapon" sponsored jointly by NM and the *Daily Worker*—the movement for a people's culture seemed to leap ahead visibly. Under a warm spring sun of renewed passion for a better world, and renewed understanding of how to bring it about, thousands of people in New York helped prepare the soil for a harvest of rich cultural works.

NM's conference, Saturday afternoon and evening, April 13 brought together members of organizations as varied as the United Optical Workers, the International Workers Order, the Musician's Club, the Jefferson Chorus, Stage for Action, People's Songs, the Furrier's Union, the National Maritime Union, the United Office and Professional Workers, the Teacher's Union—and lots more, as Paul Robeson sings. Representatives of the people, in other words, who own *New Masses, for whom it is written*—you. Ferdinand Smith, secretary of the NMU, spoke of the seamen's deep interest in and need for cultural as well as political material—their heated discussions of controversial articles such as those on psychoanalysis, Picasso and the recent pieces by Albert Maltz; and he perhaps sounded the keynote of the conference when he emphasized the necessity to integrate NM's work with the educational work of the unions and to break down the artificial barriers between the writers and those for whom they write. The musicians present also expressed the general feeling of the conference when they criticized themselves as well as NM for a lack in the past of the kind of truly critical articles we have needed: there was healthy understanding on the part of all the delegates that NM must be not only of the people and for the people, but *by* the people. Among other speakers were Howard Fast, Albert E. Kahn, Herbert Aptheker, Lloyd Brown, Peter V. Cacchione, Charles Keller, V. J. Jerome, Richard O. Boyer, William Gropper and Joseph North. The discussion from the floor was rich and thoughtful; and the meeting closed with a unanimous decision to convene again in two months, to check on NM's progress and plan for further gains.

THIS conference, and the appearance last week of the "new" cultural NM, two great events in our magazine's life, were equalled only by April 18's historic symposium on "Art as a Weapon." These few notes cannot begin to do justice to this meeting, to describe the rapt interest of the 3,500 and more who jammed Manhattan Center, who listened to papers by Arnaud D'Usseau, Elizabeth Catlett, Dalton Trumbo (read by Ring Lardner, Jr.), William Z. Foster, and Howard Fast—and Samuel Sillen and Joseph North, co-chairmen—papers which set a new high in the growing maturity of cultural thought on the Left. Here were thirty-five hundred people who knew with Howard Fast that the king was naked, that capitalism and its culture were barren, that the people's artists, like the small boy in the fable, must cry loud enough for all America to hear, "But the king has no clothes on!" They knew—they were learning—with Foster that throughout history art has always been a weapon in the class struggle. And when they left the meeting it was with a better understanding of how we must use this precious weapon in the fight for a world without poverty and war.

WHO'S who in this issue: Elizabeth Gurley Flynn has been an outstanding labor organizer for more than thirty-five years. She is a member of the National Board of the Communist Party. . . . Milton Blau is a young veteran whose poetry was published in the French press while he was in the ETO. . . . Carlos Bulosan has organized lettuce and fruit pickers in California's Imperial Valley. His latest book is *America Is in the Heart*. . . . Milton Howard, who saw action in the ETO, is now associate editor of the *Daily Worker*. . . . Annette Rubinstein teaches at the Jefferson School, and is director of the Robert Louis Stevenson School in New York. . . . Antonio Frasconi, born in Buenos Aires in 1919, has spent most of his life in Montevideo, Uruguay, where his work is represented in the *Museo Municipal de Bellas Artes*. . . . Forrest Wilson is an NMU seaman. . . . The cover drawing is by Ida Abelman.

Correction: The title of William Z. Foster's book, incorrectly given in last week's issue, is *Pages From a Worker's Life*.

new masses

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PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

Once again the streets and squares of Moscow, Paris, Rome, London, New York and other cities will blossom with gleaming May Day banners.

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

MAY DAY is a tradition, a holiday, a prophecy. May Day is centuries old, international, and "made in America." It is identified with ancient druids and Chicago harvester works, with Greek temples and Pittsburgh steel plants. Since time immemorial it was a people's natural holiday. It was reborn on the blood-stained shores of Lake Michigan, on a chilly, windy May Day in 1886, when strikers demonstrating for the eight-hour day were struck down by the police. It is identified with people across the ages —serfs, peasants, artisans, plebians, the proletariat, the poor, the oppressed, the heavily laden, hewers of wood and drawers of water, the man with the hoe—those who will yet possess the earth. Even the humblest and lowliest have felt a surge of hope, a sense of power, an urge for freedom, an upsweep of rebellion against the rulers of the world on this, their day.

No aristocrat ever celebrated May Day. No high hat, frock coat, spatted holiday, this! No king or feudal lord, no czar or capitalist, ever gladly greeted its dawn. Tyrants and exploiters of the people have stirred uneasily in their soft beds, and awakened fearfully, wishing this day safely over. May First belongs to those who work. It is a promise of a future when there will be no others. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," or counts rent, interest and profit on this day. Haunting forebodings—*"he who does not work, neither shall he eat"; "the no-longer meek shall inherit the earth,"* disturb the rulers on May Day.

The wind of freedom flows strong around the earth in 1946, as it did in 1886, as it did in 1917. In India, China, Indonesia, Egypt, Greece, South America, liberated Europe, the rising tide of the people's movement sweeps onward. In Spain, Portugal and Japan, the people struggle. The German people learn to speak again. Those who have lied, divided, conquered the people; those who have overworked, underfed, driven the people; those who have tortured, imprisoned, murdered the people, approach the final judgment of awakened millions. They feel and fear its inevitability on this, the day that belongs to their victims. They desperately strive to postpone it indefinitely.

There were pagan rites on May Day, centuries before Christianity, and ancient Greek fetes to gods and goddesses of the sun, spring, the seed stirring in the ground. May Day comes from the earth—warmth, light, bursting buds, flaming blossoms, beauty, perfume, the being and becoming of Mother Nature. May Day identifies labor with the fullness of the earth. May Day is dialectical, poetical, historical, revolutionary, prophetic. In the Middle Ages the serf and the journeyman left the field and bench, women and children went to the woods to bring back blossoming branches. They sang and danced upon the village green, even as children do around modern May poles in Central Park. May Day is the primitive peoples' recognition of the earth as the source of all wealth. It is an identification of the hopes of the people with the elemental forces of the earth. Without the resources and fertility of the earth and the creative powers of labor, humanity would perish.

On May Day it was traditional before the war for labor to down tools, proclaim this unity, demonstrate its power, celebrate its achievements, demand its rights. *Power*—that has its roots in work, in numbers and in unity —flows through the veins of workers on May Day. *Labor produces all wealth. To labor belong the fruits of its toil! We are many and they are few!* This is the meaning of May Day to the workers of the world.

Out of the dark night of fascism, out of the long bitter life and death struggles against the Nazis, one world has just emerged! Is the struggle over? Many look back apprehensively —fearful that the same bestial horrors will recur. But that which appeared to

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be dead by the hangman's noose, broken in the concentration camp, destroyed at Dunkirk, Bataan, and Sevastopol—is alive again. It is the people who fought and won who alone can safeguard the fruits of victory. This is the message of May Day 1946—the first after the war. It will be celebrated in every country of the world—including Germany and Japan, wherever there are Communist Parties and trade unions. The great squares of Moscow, Paris, Rome, London and New York will witness once again the gleaming banners proudly flung to the breeze. *"Workers of the world unite!"* will ring out, to be answered in Manila, Tokio, Bombay, Chungking, Cairo, Rio de Janeiro, Athens and Sydney. Garlands of flowers will deck the graves of the martyrs in France. New banners will replace those burned by the fascists in Italy a quarter of a century ago.

Emaciated prisoners recently released from dungeons and torture camps will shed tears of joy after years of sorrow, to see another May Day. The orphans and widows will be there. Everywhere worldwide voices will cry out greetings to the Spanish Republicans and pledge to stamp out the seedbed of fascism polluting their country. The cry for national independence, self-determination of the colonial peoples, will shake the rocking pillars of the British Empire once again. In every country that suffered bombings, occupations by the enemy, treason on the part of the rulers and collaboration with the enemy by the bankers and capitalists—*punish the war criminals; curb the power of the trusts; nationalize our country's wealth* are on the order of the day of liberation governments.

Friendly people in whose countries American and British troops still remain will demand their departure. The welcomed liberator is becoming the oppressor. Everywhere there will be the demand for the United Nations to stop international Red-baiting, to stop unprovoked "getting tough" with our willing friend and great ally—the only workers' country in the world, the land of socialism—the USSR. There will be agitation, plenty of it, around the world on May 1, 1946. The masters, lords and rulers of many lands will tremble in fear at the wrath of the people. Old tory Churchill met it when the British dockworkers greeted his arrival with "Throw him overboard!" Food plotter Hoover meets it in the cold aversion of the European people. *"We want bread, shoes, tools,"* they say, *"but we don't want Hoover."* On this, the people's day, we will hear as one voice the demand for bread, for peace, for freedom ring around the world—a demand as yet unfulfilled.

But what of our own country on this day, what of the USA? During the war May Day was dedicated to production. Now when it is revived after victory, smug reactionary trade union leaders rant, "It's run by Communists, it's for the Communist-minded." Martin Lacey and James Quinn, leaders of the AFL Central Trades and Labor Council of New York City, should bow their heads in shame at their abysmal ignorance of American trade union history. May Day as a recognized international holiday was born in the United States, as Louis Weinstock, chairman of the New York May Day Committee, properly reminds these illiterate lunkheads who masquerade as leaders.

Demonstrations were held in many American cities on May 1, 1886, in a nationwide struggle for the eight-hour day. AFL unions, young and vigorous sixty years ago, were in the forefront. In Chicago, the McCormick Harvester strikers held their meeting on the lake front. This disturbed the rich in the bay-windowed mansions which faced Lake Michigan. The police, responsive then as now to the voice of the wealthy, shot and killed several strikers in breaking up the meeting. Albert Parsons, labor editor, and four of his fellow-speakers at a protest meeting held on Haymarket Square two days later, were arrested, convicted in a dastardly frameup, and hung.

The employers gloated over "smashing the eight-hour movement." But the next year the AFL delegates from Pittsburgh, at an international labor conference, moved that May Day be set aside as an international day to demonstrate for the eight-hour day and all other labor demands. This was enthusiastically adopted by the European delegates, who felt great sympathy for the American struggles and who pledged to educate all immigrant workers to ally themselves with the unions when they landed here. From the proposal of American steel workers came May Day, as we know it today. If we were to erect a marker to say "Here May Day was Born," it would be in the sand and rocks of Chicago's lake front. That was thirty-three years before there was a Communist Party of the USA.

The Communists follow the best militant traditions of the American labor movement in sponsoring and joining in May Day celebrations. May Day 1946 brings grave responsibilities to the workers in this land where it was conceived sixty years ago. Dare we lag behind the workers of other lands? Everywhere else capitalism is on the defensive; in our country it is on the offensive. What an alarming picture our great democracy presents to the peoples of other lands on May Day—with Hoover, our food envoy to Europe; Tory Churchill our honored guest; Rankin and Bilbo in our Congress; Byrnes in the United Nations, and the AFL attacking May Day. Our profit-swollen monopolies loom large and menacing on far-off horizons. We here in America, and no others, can challenge and curb their power and finally control their activities. The workers of the world expectantly await our May Day. On this day they hope to hear from the American toilers what they learned elsewhere in blood, suffering and sacrifice—that Red-baiting, Jew-baiting, Negro-baiting, labor-baiting, is fascism. It is the pattern of disunity. It leads to war.

On May Day we celebrate a war well won in worldwide unity. Let us be on guard against those who would drown this victory in a sea of people's blood. *Peace—unity of the Big Three—worldwide unity of labor and its allies, of youth and women, against fascism and war, for peace and freedom* is the cry that must echo from the Atlantic to the Pacific on May Day. For our country and the people of the world we can do no less.

Nearly a century ago twenty immortal words were written by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. With a matchless simplicity and brevity, the lot, the struggles and the goal of the people's movement since time immemorial to May Day, 1946, were set forth. In every language, on every continent, they will again wing their way around this earth. They are the key to unity, victory and freedom—

"The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Working men of all countries, unite!"

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VIVA IL PRIMO MAGGIO!

"We came so that we would never forget our Italian brothers, never forget this day, you people. . . ." Two GI's see May Day in Poggibonsi.

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

May 1, 1945.

LAST night they ran through the streets with flags flaring. The light-shadow of torches fondled the hands and foreheads of the comrades of the Committee of Liberation. Tacked to the ends of thin poles, the Big Three smiled in cardboard at the crowd of old men, women and children. The Americans stared at them, surprised. What was going on? A wedding? A fight? They didn't know this was the eve of their own holiday.

The morning started in Siena. Shafts of sun tore through stuffy clouds into the lanes, the arched corridors of this beautiful town. Over the delicate, scallop-shaped piazza, alternately dull pink and shining, hung the guild banners, the red and white triangles, the black vulture on a mustard field, the she-wolf feeding Romulus and Remus at her narrow breasts. Very early neat citizens appeared, heading for the park where Garibaldi would receive them on a huge horse and thank them for their wreathes and the poppies in their lapels.

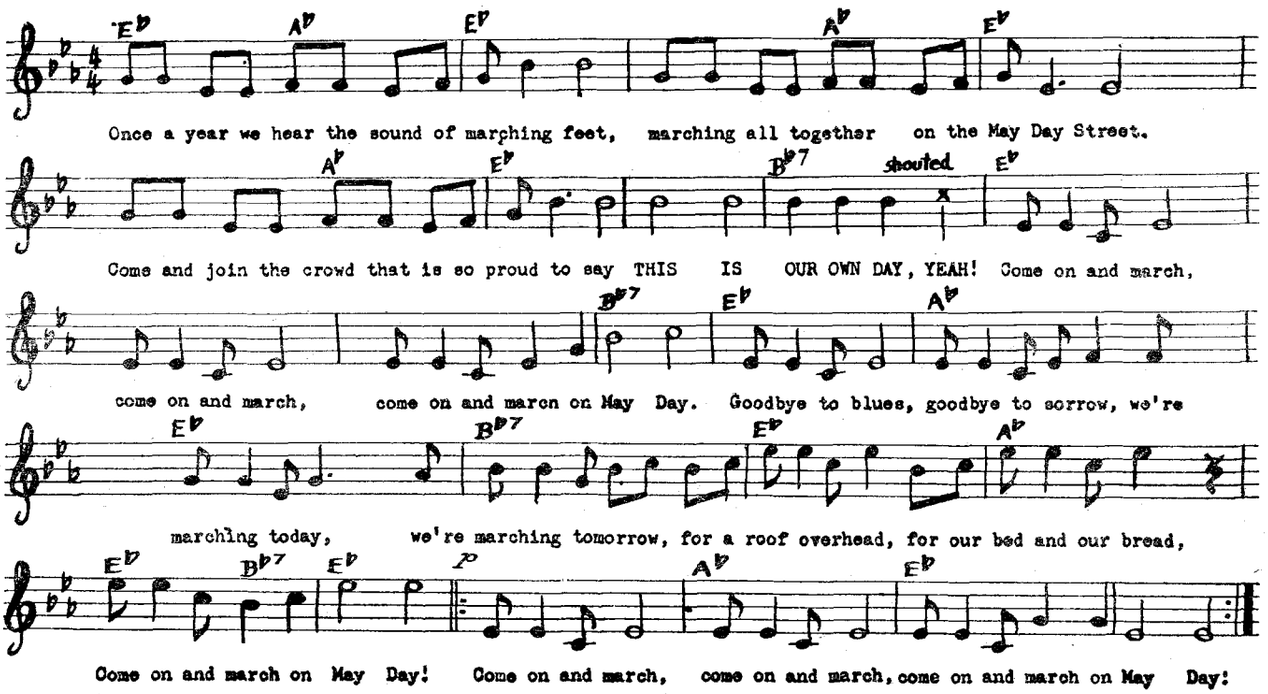
If it had not been wartime, we would have stayed. Siena was so lucky, its towers untouched, its striped Duomo tinkling in the air, its alleys tidied with bundles of twigs. But today we wanted to visit someone with wounds, whose fighting we had heard about.

Poggibonsi is halfway to Florence. Don and I had read of the town's march on AMG to force the arrest of criminals shielded by our peculiar mercy. (We knew there had been young men in prison whose eyes the fascists had ripped out with forks.) Passing through, we had seen faded hammers and sickles dashed off on doorways at night, and the more recent, careful signs of the shoe and bottle cooperatives. We had noticed how the ruins were being put in order, an old house making a new wall.

A truck picked us up at the north gate of Siena. We bobbed over the highway into the hills. The plum and pear trees lit up as we came near, larks climbed ladders of slippery air, then there was brilliant water far down the valley that turned deep green when we crossed over it at last. We were sure it would rain.

On the outskirts of Poggibonsi the road became pocked and ugly. Shellfire had chewed away the edges of town, the warehouses, factories, and

MAY DAY SONG


Once a year we hear the sound of marching feet, marching all together on the May Day Street.
Come and join the crowd that is so proud to say THIS IS OUR OWN DAY, YEAH! Come on and march,
shouted
come on and march, come on and march on May Day. Goodbye to blues, goodbye to sorrow, we're
marching today, we're marching tomorrow, for a roof overhead, for our bed and our bread,
Come on and march on May Day! Come on and march, come on and march, come on and march on May Day!

Words by Philip Cornwall; music by Earl Robinson. Copyright by Earl Robinsin. Reprinted from People's Songs Bulletin No. 3.

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their satellite cafes. At the railroad station the name of the place was cut in two; Bonsi was left. That, a chimney, a potbelly stove, and the brass bars of the ticket seller's window. There was nobody around. The nearest thing to human was a batch of empty homes that looked like rows of broken teeth. Only a dusty dog bounced ahead of us toward the square.

Then suddenly — everybody. Our truck slowed as a parade rippled alongside; we jumped down and shook hands with the first fellows we met.

"Amerihani." (In this part of the country the C is soft as pussywillows.) *"Amerihani."* I had never heard a fact uttered so thoughtfully. Could they trust us as they wanted to? We smiled, explained in pidgin Italian, pointed to our wilted poppies, and said, "Viva il Primo Maggio."

"Ah, compagni?"

"Si, compagni Americani."

"Benvenuto, compagni." And *they* smiled.

THERE were hundreds in that side street who had never seen a May Day, the ones under twenty-two, born after the grand opening of fascism. But they were the ones who showed the older people how to stand in line, and how to keep streamers from twisting so that the slogans could be read. They passed out the coarse songsheets and their parents obeyed them timidly in the choruses. I asked one of these teachers—he was about sixteen—what he thought of the Communists. *"Cuori d'oro,"* he said, using that wonderful baroque style in which without affectation, the simplest feelings can be couched. Hearts of gold. He laughed, creasing his speckled cheeks, and I thought of Tom Sawyer.

A little girl named Marina took our hard candies and a small boy, Carlo, wanted our names and addresses. (He had no notebook, however.) The drums, bugles and tuba up front ordered everyone to the piazza. The fathers straightened their vests, the mothers held up their hands and clapped them once before marching, the lazy girls laughed from windows and pretended to be in love with us, and the men who fought from the hills looked steadily toward the square they had dreamed of retaking. There were few flags on the way—Poggibonsi is not Siena—but the streamers were readable: HOMAGE TO THE ALLIED ARMIES! LONG LIVE OUR COMRADE STALIN! THE LAND TO THE PEOPLE! WE HONOR OUR PARTISANS! FORWARD TO SOCIALISM!

The square opened its arms to the citizens and the farmers, to the trumpets, the donkeys, and the trucks that wore red stars on their hoods like a young girl carrying a rose between her teeth. Few of these thousands left when it began to rain. Most moved to the porch of the church and into the doorways of roofless shops. When they realized they were no drier there, they came back and stood in the sunshower listening to the speakers on the town hall balcony.

The speeches were hard for us to follow and so we went upstairs. We wandered into the mayor's office. From there we could watch the grave radiance of a freed people. As we looked down we wanted each man and woman to know that we were here, and that we would always remember the great hymn they sang at noon. The music is from a chorus of Verdi's *Nabucco*, *"Va, Pensiero."*

Vieni o maggio, t'aspettan le genti,
ti salutano i liberi cuori;
dolce Pasqua dei lavoratori,
vieni, splendi alla gloria del sol . . .

(Come, May, the people long for you, the free hearts greet you; sweet Easter of the workers, come, shine like the sun in glory.)

I suddenly remembered December 23, 1933. I was waiting on the city square of Amsterdam with other thousands when the newsboys chalked up the bulletin announcing the acquittal of Dimitroff. And now again I heard

Prensky.

that great sob of joy and power moving across the world.

Afterward it seemed quite natural to become Guests of the City. The mayor was a chunky man who looked as if he would never drop anything he held in his hands. We sipped *strega* with him and laughed at the mouldy stag's head he had not bothered to throw out along with the portrait of his predecessor. We asked him did he like to make speeches, and when he said no, we told him he could never be mayor of Chicago or even Magnolia Corners. Where's that, he wanted to know. Mississippi, we sighed, a fine place but badly run.

"I'm a Communist," he said. "The whole bunch of us," he waved at the other members of the town council, "were in jail ten years on and off. What did we do to keep our heads? Why, we studied Marxism, of course. We had classes. We knew we'd have to take over when that toad Benito was stamped out.

"Books? Was there ever a fascist you couldn't bribe? If the guards weren't short of cash they were out of cigarettes. They hated to pay for them, so my wife brought them in, a pack for a pamphlet, a carton for a set of Lenin. They smoked and we planned. These days only the Americans have cigarettes.

"How about eating?" he said, putting his arms on our shoulders. "The comrades of the trucking trust are on the lookout for suckers to invest in their racket. So they've prepared a feast. You're invited."

The dinner was in the garage of the transport cooperative. Someone very pretty led us to seats at the head of the long table. "The mayor's been giving us a fine buildup, I suppose." She frowned at him in the best of humor.

"What dames we have here," the mayor moaned, pointing them out. "They join the Union of Italian Women, start committees, begin to think, refuse to bear fifteen children, and force you to respect them. It's high time Rome issued a bull against short skirts."

"Stop flattering," she said. "We've still got far to go."

They had cleared the place of all but one truck. The nuts and bolts had been swept up and the wrenches hung on the walls. "You should eat with those tools today," the mayor joked. "All year 'round they sweat for you, and then you desert them

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for some fancy knives and forks. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Don't laugh," said a large blonde man at the far end, standing up with a glass in his hand. This was the head of the cooperative, a former Partisan. "Sometimes I feel like the old Romans. I want to get drunk in honor of 'Antonio Gramsci' there in the back, and 'Matteotti' and 'Comrade Lenin' who are running around to the farms today to bring food for this town." ("That's how they name their trucks, the pagans," whispered the mayor.) "I'd like to lead them through the streets with laurel leaves on their radiators. Look at 'Gramsci.' When he himself was before the fascist tribunal in 1925, he said, 'We will rebuild.' And now our 'Gramsci' is reborn from the ashes of a German staff car, a Volkswagon we tripped up near San Gemigniano, and a couple of busses run by the firm we put out of business. It was he who helped us kill the black market in Poggibonsi, traveling through the countryside, picking up flour, eggs, milk and green stuff for our people. Why is there no hunger, no unemployment, no corruption here? Because of these trucks—and, of course, these hearts; I don't forget you." He lifted his red wine to the guests.

After that we lit the candles, ate, drank, and traded songs: "Joe Hill" for *"O Mia Bandiera,"* "Solidarity Forever" for *"La Canaglia Pezzente,"* and "Hold the Fort" for *"La Guardia Rossa."*

I told Don I had to leave. I'm on duty this evening. He stood up. "My friend has to go. But I can stay." He was nice and high. "I want you to know that we're not here to exchange compliments. We came so that we would never forget our Italian brothers, never forget this day, this shop, you people—and this dinner," he shouted anti-climactically.

It's near midnight now. Don came in about eleven. He told me that he had made another speech in which he promised to write a history and social study of Poggibonsi, "a regular Italian *Middletown.*" He had already listed certain documents he wanted from the cellars of the town hall and carabinieri headquarters. "Tomorrow I start," he said, rolling up his sleeves.

The rain had stopped when I left Poggibonsi, but the sun was down. I buttoned up my jacket and hit the road for Sienna. I got a ride in an open jeep. The driver didn't want to talk. I thought I'd be cold, but I felt warm the whole way back.

FALL IN!

A special cultural division is being organized for New York's May Day parade. All members of the arts, sciences and professions are asked to assemble at 3 P.M. on Wednesday, May 1, on 39th Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. Among those urging participation are:

Milton Avery, Marc Blitzstein, Howard Bay, Henrietta Buckmaster, Edward Chodorov, Betty Comden, Adolf Dehn, Arnaud d'Usseau, Paul Draper, Leif Erickson, Philip Evergood, Howard Fast, Jose Ferrer, Wolcott Gibbs, James Gow, Hugo Gellert, Horace Grennell, Robert Gwathmey, William Gropper, Joe Hirsch, Richard Huey, Uta Hagen, Minna Harkavy, Libby Holman.

Crockett Johnson, Alfred Kreymborg, Fred Keating, Rockwell Kent, Ray Lev, Maxim Lieber, Canada Lee, Ring Landner Jr., Berta Margoulies, Elizabeth McCausland, Clifford Odets, Yella Pessl, Arthur Pollack.

Jerome Robbins, Anton Refregier, Lisa Sergio, Kenneth Spencer, Moses Soyer, Raphael Soyer, William M. Sweets, Paul Strand, Elie Siegmeister, H. Sternberg, Johannes Steel, Helen Tamiris, Max Weber, Fredi Washington.

HARNESSING THE ATOM

At Hiroshima and Nagasaki the atom was successfully hitched to the chariot of Mars. Some problems involved in controlling atomic energy.

By PAUL MILLER

(The first article in this series appeared in last week's issue.)

IN THE light of recent war developments in the field of atomic energy the following statement by Lord Rutherford, made during a lecture on Nov. 28, 1936 (published later as a book, *Modern Alchemy*) should give us some ground for concern and analysis. "The outlook for gaining useful energy from the atoms by artificial processes of transformation does not look promising." It must be borne in mind that in 1936 Lord Rutherford was probably as well informed concerning the phenomena of transmutation as any one of his contemporaries. And yet he made a very pessimistic judgment on the future of the process. While there is an element of tentativeness in the statement, its meaning is nevertheless clear. And this is neither the only nor the most flagrant instance in the history of science in which well informed men have made incorrect judgments—sometimes proved wrong within the year.

Why does this happen? It seems to me that in every case these false judgments reflect the lack of an important dialectical element. There is evident an underestimation of the fluid, moving, developing character which is the essence of the animate world as it is of the inanimate. We should, therefore, emphasize at this point a conclusion that follows from the previous statement: our laws—physical laws—at any moment in our history are the result of the interaction between searching (growing) man and a universe in flux. But a universe in flux means a changing universe. The tempo of this change, to be sure, is at the present time extremely slow. But there is no evidence that this is invariant. The only sound position, then, is one which is prepared to find, and which is in fact geared to, change.

One additional point is also in order. Man is part of the world; as he changes the world changes, and the process is reciprocal; but more important, he can initiate and control changes outside himself as well. He is

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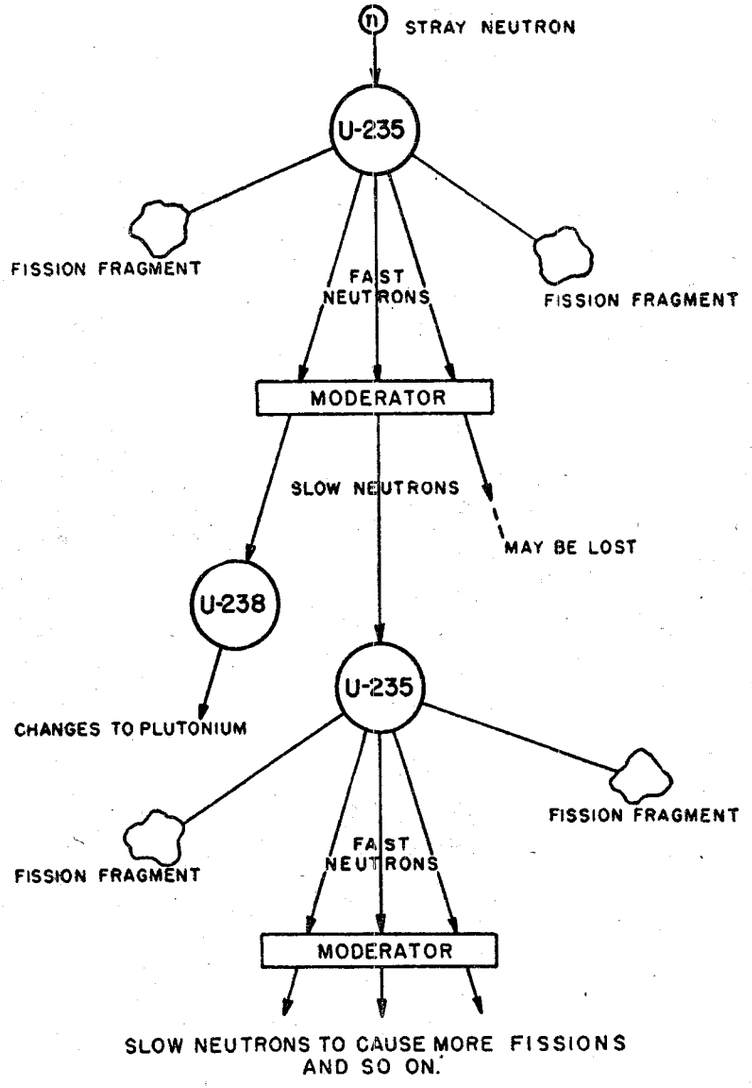

Schematic diagram of fission chain reaction using a moderator to slow neutrons to speeds more likely to cause fission. (From the Smyth Report on Atomic Energy.)

not passive. This is quite obvious as it applies to the physical sciences; it is by no means as well understood as it applies to social institutions, though any reader of history can find evidences of it everywhere.

Just what were the developments about which Lord Rutherford was so pessimistic and which brought atomic energy onto the plane of the practical? Transmutations had been accomplished, frequently evolving many times as much energy as was required to initiate them. The difficulty was that these were always chance occurrences, individually and collectively uncontrolled. With the discovery of the neutron it was soon established that it was by far the most effective agent for probing the atomic nucleus. Unlike a negatively charged particle it did not encounter strong repulsive forces as it approached the electron shells of the atom, and unlike a positively charged particle—once it has passed these outer layers of electrons—it did not encounter a strong repulsive force from the positively charged nucleus. It could more readily penetrate the nucleus of the atom, either being captured by it, or on arrival, ejecting some other part of the nucleus. In either event a change was produced in the receiving atom.

Fermi, working in Italy (before Mussolini adopted an official anti-Semitic program) produced numerous transmutations with neutrons as agents. One of the most interesting problems was what would happen to uranium, the last—because it has the largest number of positive charges in its nucleus—of the elements in the natural list of ninety-two. Would a new element be produced, never before found in nature? What would its properties be? Could this element in turn be further transmuted? Would it be stable or radioactive? These and other fascinating questions motivated a great deal of research in nuclear physics all over the world.

After some quite understandable fumbling what emerged from the wealth of activity was the following: when a slow neutron entered the nucleus of a uranium-235 atom (this is the lightest isotope of uranium and much the rarer, since only seven-tenths of one per cent of any natural sample of uranium is U-235; ninety-nine and three-tenths per cent is U-238) it caused this nucleus to split up into two major and several minor parts. Information made public at the recent Atlantic City meeting of the American Chemical Society indicates that this splitting can occur in about forty-five different ways. The major fragments weigh about ninety and 140 units (these are isotopes of familiar elements); the minor fragments weigh one unit each. They are additional neutrons. The process just described is called fission. This process is accompanied by the production of a very large amount of energy as well. If we add up the weights of all the fragments of fission we get ninety plus 140 plus one or two or three (depending on the number of neutrons produced). At most this totals 233 units of mass. Entering into the process were a total of 235 plus one or 236 units of mass. Thus three units of mass have been transformed into energy in accordance with the Einstein mass-energy law. What is more, the major fragments produced are not stable—they are radioactive and more or less promptly emit particles from their own nuclei with the evolution of still more energy.

But we have not yet made the most important point concerning fission of U-235. The three neutrons (it may be one or two or three) which are by-products of the fission are themselves potential producers of more fission reactions, and so on. In other words, fission of U-235 is potentially self-sustaining—capable of a chain reaction, as it is called. An analogue in common use will make the point clearer. The wood in a r .chstick is a stable object. It can st for many years, let us say, at ro .n temperature. When one end of it is made hot enough —by whatever means—the wood be-

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gins to burn and produce heat. This heat which we utilize for some practical purpose also serves to raise the temperature of the rest of the matchstick to the point where it will burn and give off heat; it is a self-sustaining chain reaction.

Getting back to U-235: several problems had to be solved before large scale (practical) use of fission was possible. These problems were:

1. Producing enough U-235, a rare isotope of a very rare element, to use on a mass scale.

2. Since the neutrons which are the products of fission move too fast to be ideally suited for additional fission, a way had to be found to slow them down to insure sustaining the chain reaction.

3. The U-235 had to be extremely pure to make sure that the valuable neutrons would not be wasted on non-fissionable nuclei of other elements present.

4. What was the minimum bulk and the ideal shape of the U-235 which would make most certain that the neutron products of any one fission would not escape and be wasted?

5. From the point of view of the military application of atomic energy to a bomb the following dilemma exists: an explosion is by its nature a sudden expansion of material into a much larger space than it originally occupied. But an explosion—while it is occuring—disperses the material that supplies the energy for the explosion. Ideally, every U-235 atom should have undergone fission, and all of them in the bomb should have this happen in a very short time—let us say a thousandth of a second—in order to get maximum efficiency. For explosive use if one-tenth of one percent of the atoms undergo fission, the bomb is extremely effective. (Newspaper accounts quoting authoritative sources stated that the original atom bomb dropped on Nagasaki was more efficient.) It had to be established that these minimum conditions could be achieved.

6. From the point of view of the safety of the personnel assembling and using the bomb a way had to be found to keep the ingredients far enough apart, initially, to make a chain reaction impossible; and subsequently, to bring these parts together in a controllable fashion and in a minimum time, so that maximum efficiency could be achieved.

7. Uranium in its natural state is radioactive. It is constantly emitting very penetrating and harmful (to normal, healthy tissue) radiation. During fission more, and even more penetrating, radiations are produced. Means had to be developed to shield the people working in the plants and handling these materials from the radiation.

As THE well-known report by Prof. H. D. Smyth indicates, all these problems were successfully solved. While some of the solutions have been made public others are considered to involve military security and remain secret. Referring to the numbers above, some of the solutions can be briefly described as follows:

1. Several methods—some relatively new, and some based on experience with similar problems solved in the past—were used to produce and separate pure U-235. They are quite technical in their nature, and in a sense go beyond the intent and scope of this discussion. But some points should be made: (a) Through exchange of information and discussion among the people involved—this applies of course to all sections of the problem, and to all problems—many methods considered unworkable proved to be practical. Discussion bore fruit and can bear more fruit, and the freer and broader the exchange of information, the richer the fruit. (b) When a sample of U-235 mixed with U-238 (as it is in its natural state) was used, in an attempt to carry on fission, because the U-238 atoms are so much more abundant they capture most of the neutrons. When that happens the U-238 atom changes to a U-239 atom—a new isotope of uranium not found in nature. But this U-239 atom is extremely unstable and by firing an electron (beta particle) out of its nucleus it changes from element number 92 with 92 protons in its nucleus, to element number 93. This is a new element now called neptunium which had never been found in nature. According to the newspapers it has since been found in minute traces in uranium ores. After neptunium was artificially produced and its properties studied, the search for it in ores was made much easier, of course.

Neptunium behaves similarly to N-239, and also fires a beta particle out of its nucleus, and thus changes to element number 94. It is called plutonium. This element too has since been found in nature. (Elements number 95 and 96 have also been announced, but their properties have not been disclosed. They are called Americum and Curium, respectively.) Plutonium was found to be fissionable, just as the very rare U-235 is fissionable. But since plutonium can be made from U-238 and this isotope of uranium is the relatively abundant one, a second, perhaps easier way, to produce large quantities of fissionable material had been discovered. In order to make certain that no possible solution would be overlooked, plants were built to separate U-235 from U-238 and also to produce plutonium. It must be kept in mind that at this stage only very minute amounts of pure U-235 had been produced, and that no promising avenue of attack could be ignored.

2. If you roll a ball against a wall it will bounce back with substantially the same speed that it struck. If you roll the same ball against another one just like it, the collision may produce any of a number of results. The rolling ball may impart all its motion to the stationary ball and thus come to rest. If the angle at which it hits is different the rolling ball will go off in a new direction after impact, with less energy than it arrived with, and the stationary ball now begins to move in some other direction with the amount of energy the first ball lost. The technique, then, in slowing down neutrons is to put in their paths atoms which are about the same weight as the neutrons themselves, or somewhat heavier; but not the very heavy ones, or the neutron will just bounce off like the light ball hitting the heavy wall. In selecting the proper substance for this purpose, atoms which show a proclivity for capturing neutrons must also be avoided. Several substances were suggested and tried. Graphite of atomic weight twelve units (compared to neutrons of weight one unit) was finally selected to be used as the moderator—the name given to the material which slows up the neutrons.

3. There have been no detailed disclosures made of the techniques used, but Prof. Smyth in his report indicates that they follow established lines.

4. Theoretical indications were that the minimum size of the fissionable material capable of chain reaction would be somewhere between two pounds and two hundred pounds—very practical limits. General opinion is that the shape is probably spherical

(*Continued on page* 31)

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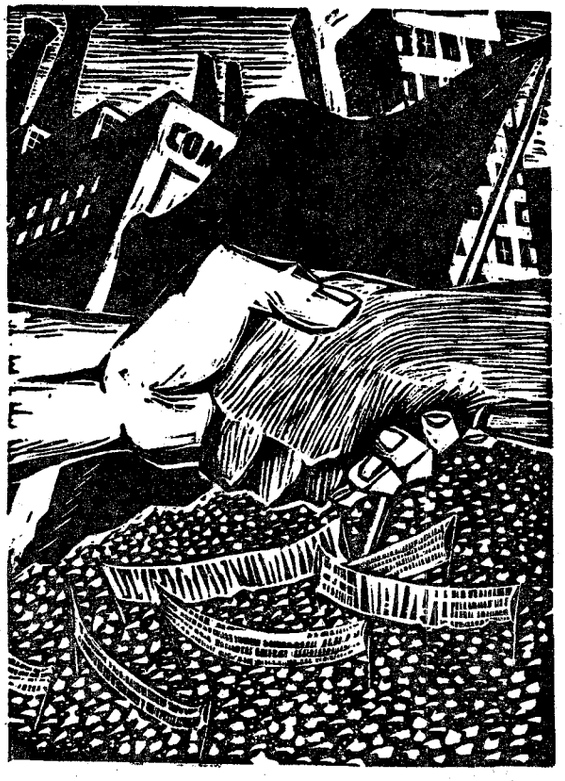
I THINK UPON A TIME WHEN NATIONS WILL NOT BE

By MILTON BLAU

Men come across the yet waste waters planting trees
Or uprooting them: I am one of these.
I rest by a roadside along which dust races,
Swirling about the shoulders of bearded men.
Hard shoes walk on the road, above the road, and under,
Kicking holes in the dirt curtain
From swamp to heaven.
I look for shoes for my feet and I see
Everybody wears my size.
I wonder what I am, what I used to be, and what I will be
When the marching stops.

(The river flows with a whisper
Over the broken branch floating.
Green recesses knife suddenly into the weeping land.
We reach out with iron hands



Antonio Frasconi.

Digging our nails into the whimpering earth
Until it breaks and casts its bones
Upon itself.)

What will I be when we stop?
What will my name be and how will I go home
To my land? Where is my land?

(The songs of my childhood slide
Down the steeps of American mountains
Kissing the stone knuckles of giant cities,
Reclining without weight on the wind, the grass. . . .)

I find men whose tongues trill languages
Unlike my own unlaced speech,
Unlike the wide sounds which fit my ears
Yet I understand everything they say:

the stabbing sound of a comrade sobbing,
the smooth benediction of oil on guns,
the mud sucking gasp of swollen boots,
the eulogies to wine, the whining silence.

All the iron of the earth we hurl against fascism!
We soil our uniforms: we are not Americans:
We are not Frenchmen: we are not Englishmen:
We are peculiar—our hate flows over our boundaries,
Over the departments of internal suffering.
Where words mean what they say
Or mean nothing
Or have a meaning on the tongue.
Or are an endless stuttering.
Our hate flows over
And love's cup leans into another flame.

O Love!
I say it with my death hard mouth,
I say it through my broken teeth,
I cry it over the endless graves.

(The Magyar songs, Mother, stay in my dusty eyes.
Wailing gypsy lullabies wind like vines
About the Negro songs, the mountain banjos
And the worn discs turning forever in the dancehalls.
I am old, Mother, as the peasants,
As old as the land
And as new as the dream of golden streets.)

My heart talks now in Russian
And in the long vowels of lost tribes.
I live now everywhere and die
In unpronounceable places
With a long list of languages at my interred head
Telling the people that it is not I who is buried
But fascism!
Not in the single tomb of Madrid
But in a thousand thousand separate tombs.

On all the borders the land joins smooth
And I cross. I will walk through the lands
Until I find no sentries posted,
Until all the roads go home,
Until home is where my hands are wanted,
Until I want nothing,
Until I love my world unashamed.

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THE STORY OF A LETTER

The priest was dead, Nicasio was gone . . . no one in the village could read English. Ten years hod passed since Berto had written his father.

A Short Story by CARLOS BULOSAN

WHEN my brother Berto was thirteen he ran away from home and went to Manila. We did not hear from him until eight years later, and he was by that time working in a little town in California. He wrote a letter in English, but we could not read it. Father carried it in his pocket all summer hoping the priest in our village would read it.

The summer ended gloriously and our work on the farm was done. We gathered firewood and cut grass on the hillsides for our animals. The heavy rains came when we were patching the walls of our house. Father and I wore palm raincoats and worked in the mud, rubbing vinegar on our foreheads and throwing it around us to keep the lightning away. The rains ceased suddenly, but the muddy water came down the mountains and flooded the river.

We made a bamboo raft and floated slowly along on the water. Father sat in the center of the raft and took the letter from his pocket. He looked at it for a long time, as though he were committing it to memory. When we reached the village church it was midnight, but there were many people in the yard. We tied our raft to the river bank and dried our clothes on the grass.

A woman came and told us that the priest had died of overeating at a wedding. Father took our clothes off the grass and we put them on. We untied our raft and rowed against the slow currents back to our house. Father was compelled to carry the letter for another year, waiting for the time when my brother Nicasio would come home from school. He was the only one in our family who could read and write.

When the students returned from the cities, Father and I went to town with a sack of fresh peanuts. We stood under the arbor tree in the station and watched every bus that stopped. We heated a pile of dry sand with burning stones and roasted peanuts. At night we sat in the coffee shop and talked to the loafers and gamblers. Then the last student arrived, but my brother Nicasio was not with them. We gave up waiting and went to the village.

When summer came again we plowed the land and planted corn. Then we were informed that my brother Nicasio had gone to America. Father was greatly disappointed. He took the letter of my brother Berto from his pocket and locked it in a small box. We put our minds on our work and after two years the letter was forgotten.

TOWARD the end of my ninth year, a tubercular young man appeared in our village. He wanted to start a school for the children and the men were enthusiastic. The drummer went around the village and announced the good news. The farmers gathered in a vacant lot not far from the cemetery and started building a schoolhouse. They shouted at one another with joy and laughed aloud. The wind carried their laughter through the village.

I saw them at night lifting the grass roof on their shoulders. I ran across the fields and stood by the well, watching them place the rafters on the long bamboo posts. The men were stripped to the waist and their cotton trousers were boldly rolled up to their thighs. The women came with their earthen jars and hauled drinking water, pausing in the clear moonlight to watch the men with secret joy.

Then the schoolhouse was finished. I heard the bell ring joyfully in the village. I ran to the window and saw boys and girls going to school. I saw Father on our *carabao*, riding off toward our house. I took my straw hat off the wall and rushed to the gate.

Father bent down and reached for my hands. I sat behind him on the bare back of the animal and we drove crazily to the schoolhouse. We kicked the animal with our heels. The children shouted and slapped their bellies. When we reached the school yard the *carabao* stopped without warning. Father fell on the ground and rolled into the well, screaming aloud when he touched the water. I grabbed the animal's tail and hung on it till it rolled on its back in the dust.

I rushed to the well and lowered the wooden bucket. I tied the rope to the post and shouted for help. Father climbed slowly up the rope to the mouth of the well. The bigger boys came down and helped me pull Father out. He stood in the sun and shook the water off his body. He told me to go into the schoolhouse with the other children.

We waited for the teacher to come. Father followed me inside and sat on a bench at my back. When the teacher arrived we stood as one person and waited for him to be seated. Father came to my bench and sat quietly for a long time. The teacher started talking in our dialect, but he talked so fast we could hardly understand him.

When he had distributed some little Spanish books, Father got up and asked what language we would learn. The teacher told us that it was Spanish. Father asked him if he knew English. He said he knew only Spanish and our dialect. Father took my hand and we went out of the schoolhouse. We rode the *carabao* back to our house.

Father was disappointed. He had been carrying my brother's letter for almost three years now. It was still unread. The suspense was hurting him and me, too. He wanted me to learn English so that I would be able to read it to him. It was the only letter he had received in all the years that I had known him, except some letters that came from the government once a year asking him to pay his taxes.

When the rains ceased, a strong typhoon came from the north and swept away the schoolhouse. The teacher gave up teaching and married a village girl. Then he took up farming and after two years his wife gave birth

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to twins. The men in the village never built a schoolhouse again.

I GREW up suddenly and the desire to see how other places grew. It moved me like a flood. It was impossible to walk a kilometer away from our house without wanting to run away to the city. I tried to run away a few times, but whenever I reached the town, the farm always called me back. I could not leave Father because he was getting old.

Then our farm was taken away from us. I decided to go to town for a while and live with Mother and my two little sisters. I left the farm immediately, but Father remained in the village. He came to town once with a sack of wild tomatoes and bananas. But the village called him back again.

I left our town and traveled to other places. I went to Baguio in the northern part of the Philippines and worked in the marketplace posing in the nude for American tourists who seemed to enjoy the shameless nudity of the natives. An American woman, who claimed that she had come from Texas, took me to Manila.

She was a romantic painter. When we arrived in the capital she rented a nice large house where the sun was always shining. There were no children of my age. There were men and women who never smiled. They spoke through their noses. The painter from Texas asked me to undress every morning; she worked industriously. I had never dreamed of making a living by exposing my body to a stranger. That experience made me roar with laughter for many years.

One time, while I was still at the woman's house, I remembered the wide ditch near our house in the village where the young girls used to take a bath in the nude. A cousin of mine stole the girls' clothes and then screamed behind some bushes. The girls ran at random with their hands between their legs. I thought of this incident when I felt shy, hiding my body with my hands from the woman painter. When I had saved a little money I took a boat for America.

I forgot my village for a while. When I went to a hospital and lay in bed for two years, I started to read books with great hunger. My reading was started by a nurse who thought I had come from China. I lied to her without thinking of it, but I made a good lie. I had had no opportunity to learn when I was outside in the world, but the security and warmth of the hospital had given it to me. I languished in bed for two years with great pleasure. I was no longer afraid to live in a strange world and among strange peoples.

Then at the end of the first year, I remembered the letter of my brother Berto. I crept out of bed and went to the bathroom. I wrote a letter to Father asking him to send the letter to me for translation. I wanted to translate it, so that it would be easy for him to find a man in our village to read it to him.

The letter arrived in America six months later. I translated it into our dialect and sent it back with the original. I was now better. The doctors told me that I could go out of the hospital. I used to stand by the window for hours asking myself why I had forgotten to laugh in America. I was afraid to go out into the world. I had been confined too long. I had forgotten what it was like on the outside.

I had been brought to the convalescent ward when the Civil War in Spain started some three years before. Now, after the peasants' and workers' government was crushed, I was physically ready to go out into the world and start a new life. There was some indignation against fascism in all the civilized lands. To most of us, however, it was the end of a great cause.

I stood at the gate of the hospital, hesitating. Finally, I closed my eyes and walked into the city. I wandered in Los Angeles for some time looking for my brothers. They had been separated from me since childhood. We had, separately and together, a bitter fight for existence. I had heard that

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my brother Nicasio was in Santa Barbara, where he was attending college. Berto, who never stayed in one place for more than three months at a time, was rumored to be in Bakersfield waiting for the grape season.

I packed my suitcase and took a bus to Santa Barbara. I did not find my brother there. I went to Bakersfield and wandered in the streets asking for my other brother. I went to Chinatown and stood in line for the free chop suey that was served in the gambling houses to the loafers and gamblers. I could not find my brother in either town. I went to the vineyards looking for him. I was convinced that he was not in that valley. I took a bus for Seattle.

The hiring halls were full of men waiting to be shipped to the canneries in Alaska. I went to the dance halls and poolrooms. But I could not find my brothers. I took the last boat to Alaska and worked there for three months. I wanted to save my money so that I could have something to spend when I returned to the mainland.

WHEN I came back to the United States, I took a bus to Portland. Beyond Tacoma, near the district where Indians used to force the hop pickers into marriage, I looked out the window and saw my brother Berto in a beer tavern. I knew it was my brother although I had not seen him for many years. There was something in the way he had turned his head toward the bus that made me think I was right. I stopped at the next town and took another bus back to Tacoma. But he was already gone.

I took another bus and went to California. I stopped in Delano. The grape season was in full swing. There were many workers in town. I stood in the poolrooms and watched the players. I went to a beer place and sat in a booth. I ordered several bottles and pondered over my life in America.

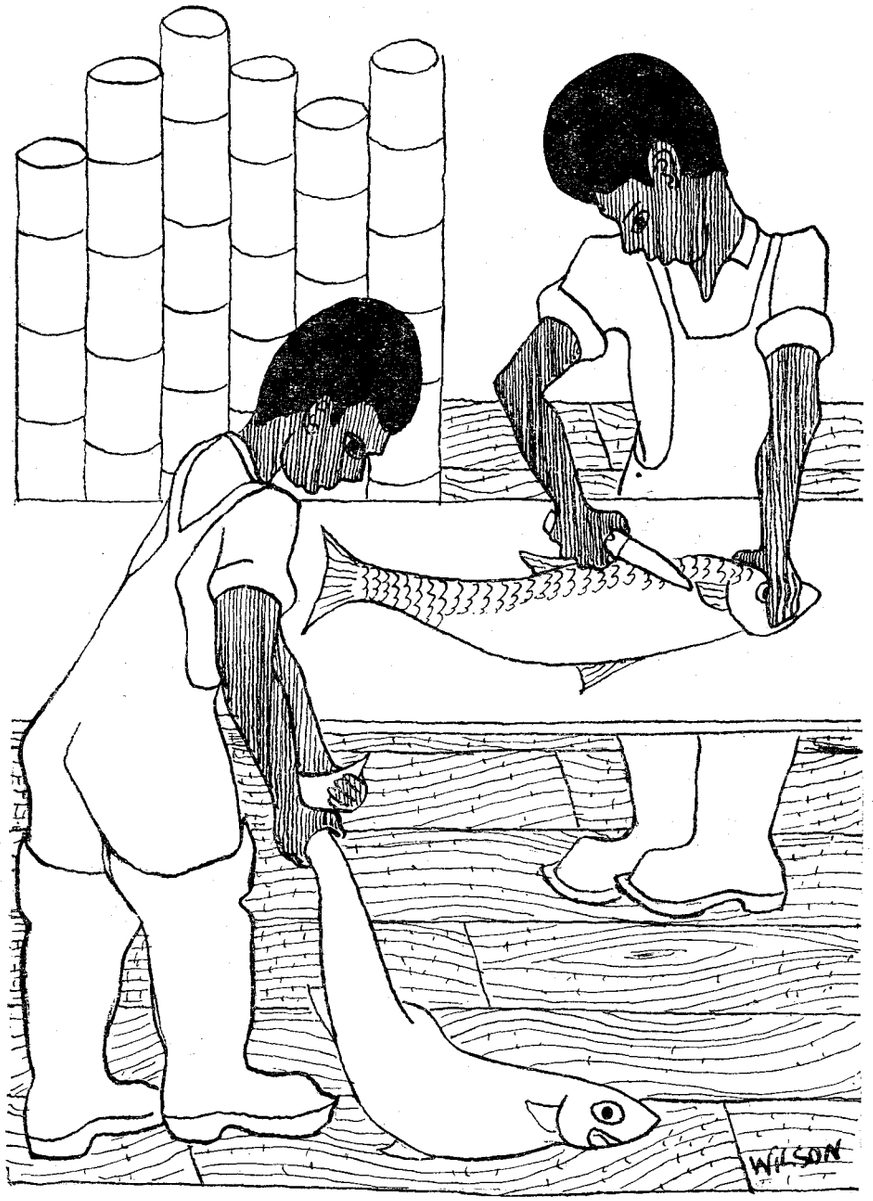
Toward midnight a man in a big overcoat came in and sat beside me. I asked him to drink beer with me without looking at his face. We started drinking together and then, suddenly, I saw a familiar face in the dirty mirror on the wall. I almost screamed. He was my brother Nicasio—but he had grown old and emaciated. We went outside and walked to my hotel.

The landlady met me with a letter from the Philippines. In my room I found that my letter to Father, when I was in the hospital, and the translation of my brother Berto's letter to him, had been returned to me. It was the strangest thing that had ever happened to me. I had never lived in Delano before. I had never given my forwarding address to anybody. The letter was addressed to me at a hotel I had never seen before.

It was now ten years since my brother Berto had written the letter to Father. It was eighteen years since he had run away from home. I stood in the center of my room and opened it. The note attached to it said that Father had died some years before. It was signed by the postmaster of my town.

I bent down and read the letter—the letter that had driven me away from my village and had sent me half way around the world—read it the very day a letter came from the government telling me that my brother Berto was already serving in the Navy—and the same day that my brother Nicasio was waiting to be inducted into the Army. I held the letter in my hand and, suddenly, I started to laugh—choking with tears at the mystery and wonder of it all.

"Dear Father (my brother wrote): America is great country. Tall buildings. Wide good land. The people walking. But I feel sad. I am writing you this hour of my sentimental. Your son.—Berto."



Forrest Wilson.

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TWO WORLDS IN THE BRONX

By JOHN STUART

LAST week I spent two sun-drenched afternoons in the press gallery of the Security Council. But for all the dazzling sunshine outside, inside the clouds hung heavily. They were nimbus clouds with enough League of Nations greyness to make me wonder whether I was in Geneva instead of the Bronx. Yes, much of the League atmosphere is there, and were it not for two or three valiant voices the difference between then and now would hardly be discernible. Mr. Stettinius with his Terminal Barber-Shop lacquer speaks in the basso profundo of a US Steel executive. Mr. Cadogan—Sir Alexander if anyone insists on St. James niceties—is mild-mannered and absolutely certain that the British Empire is the one divine creation which the Lord will never desert. Dr. Quo is urbane and quite funny at times. His humor is the humor of confusion. He has not yet made up his mind whether he represents the sovereign state of China or is merely another appendage to the American delegation. The beanpole from the Netherlands, Eelco N. van Kleffens, has seemingly forgotten his Dutch and speaks English perfectly. Heaven forbid if he should be misunderstood by Sir Alexander or Mr. Stettinius. These, as I looked down on them, are the cloud-making quadrumvirate with assorted assistants from Brazil and Egypt.

It isn't easy to weave a pattern of what took place in the converted gymnasium. But we may be sure of one thing: the world's moral leadership is not where Mr. Stettinius sits. Where he sits, close to Cadogan, there rests only the heavy hand of the past.

Quite obviously, Stettinius is impervious to the meaning of logic. First, as Andrei Gromyko informed him, the United States demanded that Iran be placed on the agenda because Iran insisted that she be heard. Then Iran asked that she be removed from the agenda and Mr. Stettinius heatedly rejected the request. I was not at all surprised at this flouting of logic. When you attempt to make history march backwards you must be prepared to sponsor the illogical, to violate common sense.

This Iranian issue is clearly a matter which deeply disturbs the Soviet delegate. He knows that innumerable precedents are being established in the Council's formative months. The decisions taken now will guide the Council's procedure perhaps for years to come. And the one precedent which Gromyko will fight to the last ditch is another member's insistence that the USSR, or for that matter any other state, must submit for review every matter involving the relations between her and other countries. This is an infringement of sovereignty and a club against the Soviet Union. It is based, in the case of Stettinius, on the arrogant assumption that the Russians must be constantly policed and finally treated much in the way a magistrate's court treats a delinquent.

Unhappily for Stettinius, Gromyko demanded equality of status. Gromyko obviously remembers how Great Britain violates the sovereignty of Greece. He knows that the treaty London recently concluded with Transjordan is one of the most scandalous in diplomatic history. There was not a murmur about it in the Security Council. When the USSR demands equality of treatment in the UN it is not in order to infringe on the rights of states in the Middle East or in the Pacific, but to prevent the closing of trade channels and the establishment of blocs menacing to her security. As a non-imperialist power, and one of the mightiest at that, the Soviets have no class or group which could benefit from the exploitation of other states and in fact stand against such exploitation. When she signs an oil accord with Iran, the benefits redound to Iran as well as to the USSR, by helping Iran build her industrial base—the only base on which real economic independence is possible. In all her years of imperialist adventure Britain has never allowed the colonies to realize their full industrial potential because of the fright that they might compete with her on the world market and develop a fighting working class.

James Reston of the New York *Times* is quite right when he says that two mentalities, two worlds, operate within the Security Council. As the American delegation's unofficial purveyor of slander which the delegation itself dare not utter in public, Reston means, of course, that the Soviet mind will never understand the working of Mr. Stettinius' brand of "democracy." To be sure it is even hard for a good many Americans to understand it. The two mentalities are quickly discernible in every move made in the Council chamber. They reflect the two worlds of imperialism and anti-imperialism. There is the world of massive millions eager to end the system of colonial tyranny and there is the one fighting to retain it. There is the world embarked on new state forms, with workers more and more controlling the state apparatus, and there is the world in which the state remains in the hands of monopoly capital. The Council chamber echoes these worlds and finds their highest expression in the person of a Gromyko or a Lange, in a Stettinius or a Cadogan. Some day perhaps the unpleasant fact will dawn on Mr. Stettinius' class that while it makes a very big noise, the noise is not the voice of mankind. Most of Europe and most of Asia—most of the world's two billions—are against its imperialist arrogance. Perhaps the gilded rulers know it already, for certainly the tactics of their representatives in the Council are not those of confident men, but of gamblers fearful of their future.

AFTER Dr. Lange finished presenting his brilliant and heart-warming address for action against Franco, others, including Stettinius and van Kleffens, spoke. Stettinius was brief, eager to make his dinner appointment. He was for and against Franco; he was for and against sin. He was cautious and safe, and in that moment more millions knew that Stettinius and they had nothing in common. But it was while van Kleffens spoke that the heart sank and the blood ran cold. For if you turned your head and looked away, you might have thought that Chamberlain had been resurrected from the dead. And next to me a correspondent whom I have never seen before wrote in his notebook: "The bastard, oh, the bastard."

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"THOUGHT CONTROL" — RANKIN STYLE

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Second of a series on the Rankin Committee.

Washington.

WHEN the Un-American Activities Committee asked the House last week to press charges of contempt against the executive secretary and sixteen board members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, Rep. John Rankin said the JAFRC was a "Communist-front organization." And Rep. Karl Mundt, Republican member of the committee, read out a list of organizations with which, he said, members of the board were connected, and repeated tediously how each had been branded "Communist-front" at one time or another.

This is the old Dies technique of smear. No pretense was made of providing any evidence that the JAFRC was engaging in subversive activities. However, after years of intimidation of virtually all liberal and progressive groups in this country, the Dies technique is being seriously, determinedly challenged. A courageous fight is being waged by the progressive organizations now under attack. In the forefront are Chairman Edward J. Barsky of the JAFRC, against whom the House voted to press contempt charges last month; his board; Corliss Lamont and Richard Morford, chairman and director respectively of the National Council for American-Soviet Friendship, and George Marshall, chairman of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties. The Un-American Committee has voted to ask the House also to cite Lamont, Morford and Marshall for contempt.

These men and women have refused to let investigators rifle through their books and records to pluck out names of contributors to add grist for the committee's smear-mill. They face possible fines of $1,000 or prison terms of one year, if the courts convict them of the charge of contempt.

Whereas there were only four "No" votes recorded in the House, against the resolution on Chairman Barsky, the House vote on the JAFRC board members on April 16 was 292 to 56. This was in no small part a result of pressure from labor unions and progressives. Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York said that the unions in New York City had gone into action with wires to their Congressmen. If the labor movement and people's organizations over the country do likewise, the committee can be put out of business, he told me.

In debate limited to one hour, Rep. Marcantonio took issue with Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, New Jersey Republican and committee member, who charged the JAFRC board members with being "insolent" and who was indignant over the fact that they ran an advertisement in the New York *Times* in which they declared, "As American citizens we can have nothing but contempt for the un-American activities of the Wood-Rankin committee." Rep. Marcantonio called his attention to some of the testimony withheld from the House but made available to members, in which Prof. Lyman Bradley of New York University was being questioned by Committee Counsel Ernie Adamson.

MR. BRADLEY. Allow me to finish reading the statement.

MR. ADAMSON. It is the same one the previous witness had.

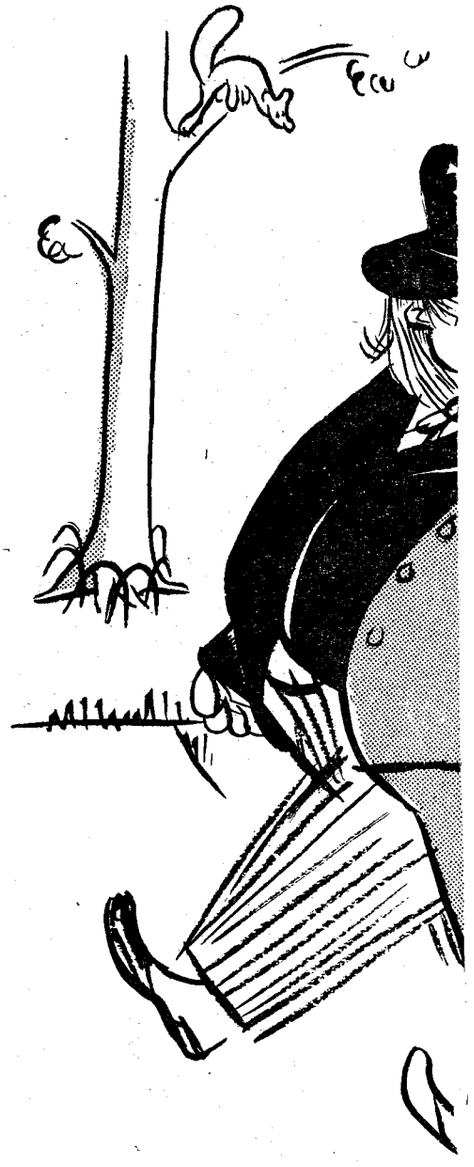
MR. RANKIN. Give it to the chairman. Now, the next question he refuses, just call up the marshal and send him to jail.

"Then they charge these witnesses with being insolent!" declared Rep. Marcantonio. He went on to say that under the resolution creating the committee it was limited to investigate un-American propaganda and subversive activities, foreign and domestic. But the committee had not established that JAFRC engaged in any propaganda, and if it had, it must establish that it "constitutes a clear and present danger to our form of government." Until the committee does this, he said, it is violating the constitutional guarantee of free speech and press, and when it issues a subpoena "of the character before us," it violates the Fourth Amendment with equal violence, he said—the amendment providing protection against unwarranted search and seizure.

"Now, as to the basic political issue," he said. "This organization, as well as others engaged in the struggle of yesterday and today for democracy, against fascism, are subjected to attack by the committee. Why? Because their democratic activities have incurred the hatred of the majority of the committee. The issue is political and time and events make it clear."

Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas of California, speaking against the resolu-

This Week's Rankest



"Did you ever stop to think, Senator Do
—Sen. Rankest.

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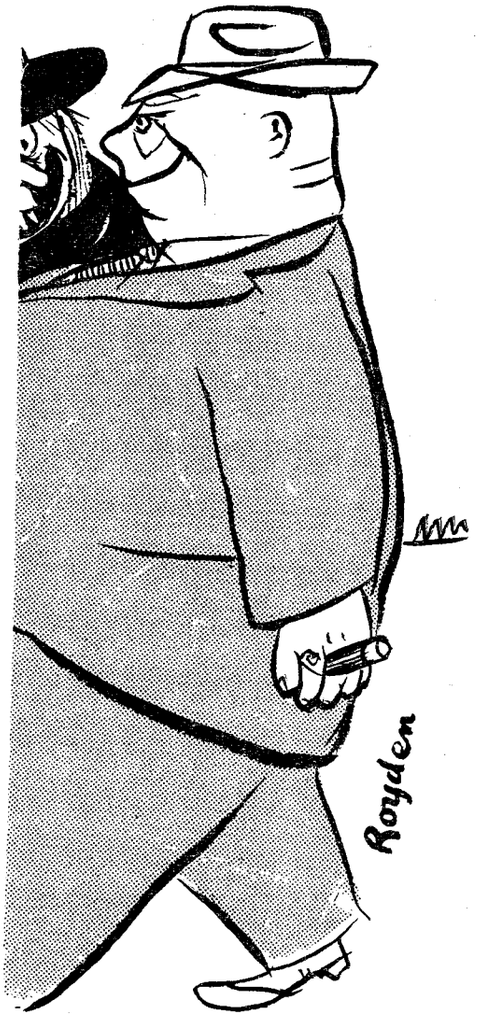
Behind the attack on the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. NM puts Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, Un-American Committeeman, on the griddle.

tion, said that it may be that some of the Spanish Republican refugees were Communists, but relief of suffering over the world "must not depend on the political beliefs of the sufferers." "Indeed," she said, "one of the charges at the Nuremberg trial is that Germans permitted persons to starve whose views were hostile to the Nazi regime." The committee had no jurisdiction to search the JAFRC books, she said. "Our first freedom, the freedom of speech," she said, gives a citizen the right to contribute to relief even if Congressmen do not like his opinions.

And Rep. John Coffee of Washington asked if the committee in questioning the board members held "the American star chamber of inquisition." While we challenged Japanese "thought control," he said, the committee "investigated" liberal radio commentators, some of whom "are now out of radio broadcasting" because their employers were frightened away. He cited Ernie Adamson's letter to the Veterans Against Discrimination in which he questioned their use of the word "democracy" and said that this country was not a democracy. Then Rep. Coffee added this:

"A committee investigator has been requested to leave a congressman's office because the investigator spoke of future anti-Semitic activities of the committee."

And he declared: "I cannot believe that the American people are willing to place this country under this new kind of tyranny."



"t even the word 'democracy' is foreign?"

REP. J. PARNELL THOMAS, only surviving member of the original Dies Committee, became nostalgic about the old outfit and tried to tell me the difference between it and its successor, now more than a year old.

"This committee leans over backward to be fair," he said with obvious disgust.

"But does it really?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know." He gave a short laugh. He tried again.

"This committee is more conservative," he said. "The old Dies committee was more out in the open."

But despite Rep. Thomas' disappointment at the committee's lack of "progress" compared to the old Dies committee, it is being criticized for going even further in the field of attempted thought-control and censorship, and it is continuing the same onslaught against progressive organizations.

Thus the conservative *Editor & Publisher* was moved to say, after the committee in a secret hearing summoned a New York *Times* executive and the head of an advertising agency which had placed an ad in the *Times* for the Citizens United to Abolish the Wood-Rankin Committee:

"Investigation by this committee of opinion expressed in paid advertising copy, particularly the subpoena of the agency and newspaper, amounts to intimidation. It is an attempt to control thought. If, through such methods, a branch of Congress can label such opinion 'good' or 'bad,' 'right' or 'wrong,' it need not go much further to do the same with the now free editorial expressions in our newspapers.

". . . If the Committee persists in this practice we believe Congress should investigate the investigators to uncover their motives." The secret hearing in New York was presided over by Rep. Thomas.

Rep. Thomas drew a little chart for me showing the rise and fall in the prestige of the Dies committee. Now, he said, his pencil swinging upward, it was rising again, because of the "dangers" in the current scene.

But he sighed over the good old days. "We had a fertile field then," he said. "We were ploughing untilled soil."

There is apparently nothing that Rep. Thomas warms to as much as a lively discussion of Communists. At times his enthusiasm used to wax so inmoderate that even the flamboyant Mr. Dies would have to tame down his questions to witnesses. It isn't that Rep. Thomas, who is a great diner-about-town in such spots as the Shoreham Hotel, lets his duties weigh him down. Red-baiting is one of the spices of life for him, and he doesn't bother with fine moralizing to justify it. He just enjoys it, in his lusty fashion. And if he also enjoys picking a fuss with Rep. Rankin or Gerald L. K. Smith at certain moments, his pique vanishes a moment later when he himself manages to capture the spotlight.

"I'm a very tolerant sort of person," Rep. Thomas told me expansively. "And some of my best friends—"

"You're not going to tell me what Rep. Clare Luce once told me, that

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some of her best friends were Communists, are you, Congressman?" I asked.

"I certainly am not—" he sputtered. Did he mean liberals? Yes, that was it, some of his best friends were liberals.

"I take it you feel rather sad that the committee is not doing more?" I asked.

"Yes, I am sad," he said.

"Do you consider that it's a reflection on the old Dies committee that despite all the publicity it got and everything, there are, as you say, 'more Communists than ever?'"

"Oh, we can't control the number of Communists," he answered peevishly. "All we can do is point out the dangers to the Congress and the people."

"Do you take the position of Rep. Mundt," I asked, alluding to Rep. Karl Mundt of South Dakota, another Republican member of the committee, "who once told me that there isn't anything the committee can do about people like myself, because the Communist Party is a legal party, but that what the committee can do is 'expose' others—people in other organizations?"

THIS bland admission on the part of one member of the committee that it was in practice just a setup for insinuation and intimidation—although he did not use those words—may have angered Rep. Thomas. Or it may simply have been that his New Jersey blood boiled at the thought of sitting across the desk from someone who made such an "admission."

At any rate his face became the shade of reddish purple so familiar to reporters who attend committee hearings and who long ago have stopped worrying for fear the natty Rep. Thomas will burst a blood vessel over his spotless Arrow collar.

"That's where I don't agree with Mundt, I don't think you're legal," he began. "You *are* a Communist?"

"Yes, I'm a Communist," I said, watching the color change to magenta and wondering if all that good food he consumes is good for the jolly congressman.

"Well, I wouldn't brag about it," he said.

"I do," I said. "I'm very proud of it."

"If I had my way," he grumbled, "we'd go into your meetings and arrest all of you. Seize your records and your lists and put you all in boats. Send you back where you come from, Russia, or Spain, or France, wherever you come from—"

"Not to Arkansas, though?" I asked. (Arkansas is my home state.)

"I'd like to arrest every one of you. . . . Now in the old days," he continued feelingly, "we would go into meetings such as you attend and go up and if there were any documents, seize 'em. But no, now we're so polite, the committee doesn't want to do the things the old Dies committee was criticized for. No, we write a nice letter. And then they say, it's none of our business, we can't see their books. So we write another. Then we ask the House to cite them." He made vague sounds of disgust. "Where is it getting us? Yes, I know, a majority of the members are for it. But not me. I want to go back to the old methods."

And what about fascists, I asked the Congressman who is so impatient with the legalistic trimmings of what one member of the committee told the House was of doubtful Constitutionality anyway—the committee's demand to pry into financial records of organizations.

"Many fascists in this country are fascists because they are called fascists by the Communists," mused Rep. Thomas in a calmer vein.

Gerald L. K. Smith, for instance, was "originally no more of a fascist than he was in the days when he went with Huey Long."

I asked him to repeat it to make sure I didn't miss any of the flavor of the Thomas phraseology.

"Are you putting down what I say?" he asked suspiciously after he repeated. "Or are you putting down something else?"

"I had been putting down what you said earlier, word for word, and didn't get just what you said then—that's why I asked you to repeat it," I explained.

"I can imagine what this article will be like," he said ruefully. "NEW MASSES!" he added bitterly.

Rep. Thomas said he thought of course that fascists "should be curbed." But, he warned, "there's the ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union)—they say they have their civil rights."

Yet when the ACLU protested the Un-American Committee's campaign against the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, the House committee, according to Lamont, "forthwith demanded the right to send investigators into the office of the Civil Liberties Union."

Rep. Thomas was elected in 1936, and the Dies committee was organized in 1938. "Right away I went up to the minority leader," he said, his round shoe-button black eyes glowing, "and asked him if I could get on the committee. I had made several speeches on Communists. Why? I was just naturally opposed to these organizations—not only Communists—Pelley's Silver—what was it?—Silver Legion or—"

"Did you ever do anything about it?"

"Oh, yes, the committee had Pelley before it," he said vaguely.

"Do you remember any other fascist organization the committee did anything about?"

"Well," he hesitated, "I could tell you better if I had the hearings. But we put the German Bund out of business."

Rep. Thomas may have forgotten about a talk he made before the Allied Patriotic Society in the Hotel Commodore, New York, as described in a a story in the *Daily Mirror* Dec. 2, 1939. Alluding to the story, the National Lawyers Guild stated that "in order to remove all doubts from the minds of the native fascists as to where the Dies committee stood," Rep. Thomas "declared that the Bund, the Silver Shirts, the Knights of the White Camelia, and the other anti-Jewish organizations are not to be worried about."

The bell calling members to the floor sounded and Rep. Thomas had to go. But he stopped long enough to call back to me from the doorway, "Be sure to put your name in the guest book—we seldom have a full-fledged card-carrying Communist as a visitor."

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IS MAN A NECKTIE?

Wages, prices and "ability to pay," issues in the recent strikes, discussed in the light of Marx's classic: "Value, Price and Profit."

By MILTON HOWARD

QUEER question. Yet far from facetious. The answer to it lies deep in an analysis of the cultural and social realities of contemporary America.

American culture is the least self-critical of any in the world. It does not examine itself except in terms of self-adulation. An Australian savage sitting near a fire rubs a totem and attributes his warmth to the incantation, not to the fire. Similar mystification pervades contemporary American culture. Capitalist fetishisms, truly fantastic from the point of view of objective, historic realities, dominate the culture and are nearly universally accepted as normal.

Is man a necktie? General Motors admonished its workers asking for a wage increase on the basis of the corporation's ability to pay: We buy labor as you buy neckties. The retailer doesn't ask your income when you buy. In selling us your labor you cannot inquire into our income, our profit. Only the price of your labor is in dispute, not our ability to pay.

The logic is cynical. It does indeed transform man into a necktie. Accepting the assumptions of capitalist culture, the logic is also irrefutable. Walter Reuther, the social-democratic union leader who has recently insinuated into the labor movement the thoroughly bourgeois sophistry that wages, prices and profits are mutually interdependent, could find no answer to the cynicism.

But the cynicism, as Karl Marx earlier informed the sentimental conciliator Proudhon, lies not in the words but in the *things*, in the social relations.

If the social-democrat could not, or feared to, convey the only possible retort to the General Motors idea, the prevailing theory of the masters of the nation's intellectual life, then Marxist social science long ago provided it. In the classic, *Value, Price, and Profit* (International Publishers, 15¢) Marx strode into the arena of international working class debate with the solution to the social riddle in which man appears as part man, part commodity, part laborer, part necktie.

The question before the International Workingman's Association in 1865 was whether strikes for higher wages can improve the lot of the workingman. The carpenter, Weston, a follower of Robert Owen, had replied in the negative, with the argument that higher wages automatically produce the counter-offensive of higher prices, cancelling the increase. Hence, he argued the futility of economic struggle.

To answer this half-truth adequately, Marx had to provide the full truth. Tactically, he had to preserve the truth that strikes against capital cannot abolish the fundamental servitude of the working class as a class; at the same time, he had to obliterate the fatalism, based on economic fallacy, that economic struggles were entirely futile, a conclusion clearly favorable to the owners of industry.

To do so, he was compelled to anatomise in a speech lasting a few hours the complexities of the new industrial society. He had to popularize the concepts which later were to find their complete elaboration in *Capital*. "You can't compress a course of political economy into one hour," he wrote to Engels worriedly at the time. But he forged, under polemical necessity, a model of exposition and a masterly summation of the root ideas which underlie scientific socialism. Together with that other summit of popularization, *Wage-Labor and Capital*, it is the surest guide preliminary to entrance into the soaring magnificences of *Capital* itself.

THE secret of the mystification underlying all the illusions, economic and cultural, of American society is in the concept of "value." This is the dual aspect which all products possess under present social conditions. They are "use-values": that is, they are functions of their specific physical properties; they are also "values"; that is, they are exchangeable in certain given ratios because they are the embodiment of a generalized, abstract, socially necessary labor-time. These "values" are appropriated by a class of owners who are not the producers.

In this duality exists *in embryo* all the vast antagonism, conflicts and contradictions out of which arises the social crisis of our time. "A man who creates an article for his own consumption creates a product, but not a commodity. To create a commodity a man must not only produce an article satisfying some social want, but his labor must form part of the total sum of labor expended by society. It must be subordinate to the division of labor within society." (p. 30.) The separation of the producer from ownership of his means of production, a

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Books That Change the World

This is the first of a series of articles on the Marxist classics. Our purpose in presenting them is to stimulate continued reading and study of the basic works of Marxist science. It is our hope that the series will help the reader see that without Marxist theoretical foundations on which to build political practice, the efforts to remake society, to create an abundant democracy, become infinitely more difficult. Naturally all the articles will be prepared in the light of current developments at home and abroad. In future issues we will publish articles on: Marx's and Engels' "Communist Manifesto"; their writings on the American Civil War; Marx's "Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte" and "Wage-Labor and Capital"; Engels' "Origin of the Family," "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," "Dialectics of Nature" and "Ludwig Feuerbach"; Lenin's "Imperialism," "State and Revolution" and "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism"; Stalin's "Foundations of Leninism" and his "Marxism and the National and Colonial Question."—The Editors.

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process historically necessary and progressive, leads to a situation in which men face each other only as the possessors of things, of commodities. The fate of each man is the fate of the market. Freedom is the right to sell one's self to the owners of the means of production.

It is the boast of American bourgeois morality that every worker has the opportunity to become himself an employer of the labor of others. The specific social and historic peculiarities of the United States have given this illusion extraordinary tenacity. But have any of the dominant moralists of the time undertaken to examine the implications of this justification, that the exploited can himself become an exploiter? The isolated individual can free himself from wage-labor servitude only by himself becoming an exploiter, or by perching precariously on the icy ledges of small proprietorship. The American wage worker can escape this or that employer; he cannot escape the employing class as a whole. The propertyless class of Americans cannot escape, within the confines of this system, the owning class. "It is this sort of exchange between capital and labor, upon which capitalist production is founded, which results in constantly reproducing the workingman as a workingman and the capitalist as a capitalist." (p. 42.)

MARX'S destruction of the illusion that wages determine prices is subtle, powerful and triumphant. Paying a compliment to Benjamin Franklin, that American genius who was among the first to hit on the true nature of value, Marx uses Franklin's example: "In determining the relative value of gold and corn, do we refer in any way whatever to the wages of the agricultural laborer and the miner? Not a bit."

The manufacturer of gold and the producer of wheat do not ask each other in exchanging their products what wages they each paid their workingmen, or even whether they paid wages at all. The prices they arrive at in their exchange have no relation to the wages they paid. ". . . Their wages will be limited by the value of the products, but the products will not be limited by their wages." (p. 32.)

He drives the argument home: "Since the capitalist and the workingman have to divide this limited value, that is, the value measured by the labor of the workingman, the more one gets the less will the other get, and vice versa. If the wages change, profits will change in the opposite direction. If wages fall, profits will rise; if wages rise, profits will fall. . . . *A general rise of wages would therefore result in a fall in the general rate of profit, but would not affect values*" (the basis of prices—M. H.). (p. 48.) Price is determined by value, by the socially necessary labor time. There is an interdependent relationship between wages and profits, *but no relationship whatsoever between wages and prices*. They are independent variables.

Whence comes the illusion that a rise in wages must be followed by a rise in prices? In the mystification underlying the nature of wage-labor. Nothing is what it seems in this all-prevailing economic relationship within which the majority of America pass their entire lives. All is fantasy and illusion, at least in the prevailing mode of thought.

It appears, and to the worker as well, that General Motors, scouring the market for its necktie-men, buys the *labor* of its hirelings. Hence, all the labor put in by the worker appears paid for. The contrary is the case. It is not the labor, *not the work done*, that General Motors is paying for; it is the worker's *ability-to-work*, his labor-power, which is the real commodity it buys. The price established for this commodity is controlled by the general laws controlling all commodity prices. This is the cost of the commodity's reproduction, the physical maintenance of the workingman.

But the price that General Motors pays for the ability-to-work that its hired workers sell it is quite different from the amount of work which is extracted from them. "*The daily or weekly value of the labor power is quite distinct from the daily or weekly exercise of that power, the same as the food a horse wants and the time it can carry the horseman are quite distinct.*" (p. 41.) It is on the difference between what the commodity, labor-power, costs and the amount of labor it performs that the entire structure of our contemporary society rests. For this difference between the value of the labor-power and the value it creates is the surplus value, the total social fund on which the whole superstructure depends and which appears as profit, interest and rent. During a small part of his work day the worker produces the value that is returned to him as wages; during the rest of the day he performs unpaid labor.

The universal mystification which conceals the *unpaid labor* breeds the illusion that a rise in wages must increase prices. The reality is that a rise in wages affects only profits, prices remaining the same, all other factors being equal (I am omitting the effects of monopoly, of course, which curbs the rise in wages and the tendency of prices to decline with technological advance). "*Although one part of the workingman's daily labor is paid, the other part is unpaid, and while unpaid labor constitutes the fund out of which surplus value or profit is formed, it seems as if the total, aggregate labor was paid labor. This false appearance distinguishes wage labor from all other historical forms of labor.*" (p. 43.)

THIS "false appearance" in the fundamental economic relationship predetermines the "*false consciousness*," as Engels called it, which constitutes the "ideology" of the dominant social class of our present society. This "false consciousness" pervades every nook and cranny of our culture, our literature, morality and esthetics. The "false consciousness" of individual liberty is mocked by the reality that the separation of the working class from the ownership of the working equipment makes it the appendage of capital. "In reality, the workingman belongs to capital before he has sold himself to capital." (*Capital*, p. 623.)

Neither our national history nor our culture has ever been subjected to a comprehensive analysis which shatters these fantasies produced by the pervasive "false consciousness." In the intellectual production of our time fetishism reigns, the delusion that Man is merely a bourgeois man, that freedom is merely the freeing of Man from the possession of his necessary means of production, transforming him into a shadow of a man, alienated from his means of life.

Marx was not only the Columbus of the social realities under capitalist society; he was also its Cervantes. What richness of insight does his method give to the creative man who seeks to achieve the art for which this century thirsts!

As for our own national history, the America of Lincoln and Whitman, where "one need be neither man nor master," has vanished. But its consciousness continues to exist as a "false consciousness," as a ghost savagely

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mocked by the inescapable antagonisms between its democratic idealisms and the ruthless logic of a society which reduces all relations to their "cash value." Our literature grows weary under the impact of these contradictions, breeding hypocrisy or despair.

Marx's thought, embodied in such writings as this, rescues the mind from the prison of bourgeois fetishisms. It restores to humanity its human consciousness which is in chronic contradiction to the relentlessly inhuman values of a society based on commodity values. A great creative task needs to be done in the examination of this country's culture. The society which dooms the majority of the nation to the necessity of competing with neckties in the whirlpool of commodities challenges men to assert their estranged and lost humanity.

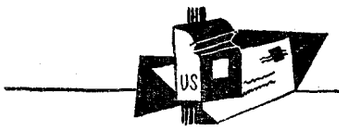
For Man is not a necktie. He is Man, not eternally condemned to be the appendage of capital, which devours his life. "Time is the room of human development," Marx cries to those for whom it is merely the availability of that mass of undifferentiated labor over which their monopoly of the nation's productive forces makes them the masters. To the initial question of the debate, he gives the reply which alone can fill the courageous but theory-impoverished activities of the American working class with adequate vision:

"Is this to say that the working class ought to renounce resistance against the encroachments of capital and abandon their attempts to make the best of occasional chances for temporary improvement? If they did, they would be degraded to one level mass of broken-down wretches past salvation.

"At the same time, and quite apart from the general servitude involved in the wages system, the working class ought not to exaggerate to themselves the ultimate workings of these everyday struggles. . . .

"They ought to understand that with all the miseries it imposes upon them, the present system simultaneously engenders the material conditions and the social forms necessary for the economic reconstruction of society. Instead of the conservative motto 'A fair day's wages for a fair day's work' they ought to inscribe on their banners the revolutionary watchword: 'Abolition of the wages [that is, the capitalist] system!'"

mail call



Wrong House

To New Masses: May I call your attention to a misquotation in the lines of *The House I Live In* which appeared in "NM Spotlight" in the March 26 issue? The lines should read:

The house I live in,
A plot of earth, a street,
The grocer and the butcher
And the people that I meet,
The children in the playground,
The faces that I see,
All races, all religions,
That's America to me.

May I also emphasize the fact that *The House I Live In* was not written as a photographic picture of America as it exists today, but rather as a reflection of the potential that still remains to be realized to fulfill our basic democratic heritage? The final lines of the second stanza bear this out:

The house I live in,
The goodness everywhere,
A land of wealth and beauty
With enough for all to share,
A house that we call Freedom,
The home of Liberty,
And a promise for tomorrow,
That's America to me.

And the "promise for tomorrow" means decent housing, no discrimination, jobs for all—in short, an America for *all* to live comfortably in, and not the privileged few.

Lewis Allan.

Hollywood.

Worker Looks at Art

To New Masses: It might be of interest for you to know how a worker, without much knowledge of art or Marxism, reacts to your current discussion about culture and art. There are two important things to be considered: form and content.

If a public speaker, for example, knows how to emphasize properly, knows how to speak well and expressively, he can use language like Hitler or recently Churchill, against the working class. Therefore, the better speaker he is, the more he will harm and confuse the people if the content is reactionary. On the other hand, a speaker who has a content in his speech that is good for the working class, but whose speech is monotonous, unorganized and bad-sounding, will not be a very effective speaker for labor. It is obvious that we must learn to use both form and content as a weapon for progress.

The same should be applied to writing or any form of art. The form in working-class literature should strengthen the work. Its content should be honest, realistic and educational for the workers.

Today we find poets, painters or other artists doing experiments and research, and by doing so creating new forms for expression. Many use abstract forms, which seemingly do not take any side in the class struggle, but hereby they express their ideas of the time they are living in. They advance the means of expression, they revolt against the outdated academic way of teaching art.

We should have no prejudice against any art so long as the content is not harmful to the working class. This does not mean to defend renegades, Trotskyites or other reactionaries in the art field, who use their abilities to fight against the avantgarde of the working class, the Communist Party.

Capitalists have encouraged contemporary art only when they could see a possibility of making profits out of the artist's skill, not for any human reason. Our task as workers should be to let the artists know that by allying themselves to the labor movement their work will more effectively influence the masses. Their creative work will inspire new ideas, new means, new and better techniques in the struggle for a better way of living. We should tell them that only in a socialist society can their work of art be fully appreciated and used by the masses.

M. Ericson.

San Francisco.

Not Superman

To New Masses: Stanley Archer's letter commenting on my article in a recent issue of NM is well taken. Gripes are a sign of life coming back into the ranks. However, I must maintain that since I'm not Superman, I could report only on conditions where I saw them with my own two eyes.

Second, I'm certain that if Archer reflects a bit, he will understand that the Army in time of war is no place for "conversion endings" in man-officer relationships.

And last, if it is undialectical and defeatist to warn the masses of Negro people against sweet-talking Democratic crapology in order to make willing sacrifices for another crusade, this time against the Soviet Union—well then—I can't fish up another word.

New York. Lawrence Gellert.

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BETRAYAL IN CHINA

An Editorial by FREDERICK V. FIELD

IT SHOULD cause no surprise that the internal situation in China has reached a new and desperate crisis. No genuine stability can ever be achieved as long as the Chinese people are forcibly prevented from working out their own destiny.

The American government continues its military intervention which, it is now abundantly clear, operates not in the interests of Chinese unity and democracy. American armed interference in the Chinese domestic situation totally disregards Chinese sovereignty. Moreover, it violates both the letter and spirit of the United Nations Charter. The latter provides that when a situation within a country is deemed to threaten world peace and security any member of the UN, the Security Council itself, or the organization's Secretary General may recommend investigation or action. The procedure must be collective. No nation has the right to take unilateral action. And that is exactly what the United States has been doing in China since V-J Day. And it is American intervention, more than any other factor, which threatens peace and security.

The effect of American intervention has been to bolster the tottering regime of the dictator Chiang Kai-shek. The United States has been weighting the political and military balance in China against the democratic majority. The Kuomintang clique would have collapsed long ago and given way to a coalition of patriotic elements had it not been for American intervention. Nor did the arrival of General Marshall in China in any way alter the situation. Those who closely follow Chinese affairs in their every aspect and know Chinese history are convinced that Marshall's largest objective is to save Chiang Kai-shek's regime from the oblivion to which it would otherwise be relegated.

It is true that between the Hurley and Marshall periods there occurred a change in the American tactic. The former advocated and attempted the physical extermination of Chinese democracy. Hurley's policy failed because the Kuomintang was too weak and corrupt and because the Communists

Sketched in China by Howard Baer.

were altogether too powerful. Marshall arrived at this juncture in order to abandon the unsuccessful tactic of civil war in favor of a compromise which would as a minimum give Chiang Kai-shek a new lease on life.

SUCH a compromise was effected under his sponsorship in the January meetings of the Political Consultation Committee. The reason the agreements reached at that time have now been betrayed by the reactionaries is that the American policy, having changed tactically but not in substance, continues to be directed toward the support of the dictatorship. The latter accordingly has been officially encouraged by the United States to go as far as it can without committing suicide in violating the January pact.

This joint American-Kuomintang betrayal has taken two forms. In the first place the Central Committee of the Kuomintang, which was called together in March for the ostensible purpose of ratifying the January agreements, used the occasion to reverse their whole meaning. Three examples may be cited. In January the Political Consultation Committee had agreed to the formation of an interim coalition government pending the adoption of a permanent constitution and the establishment by national franchise of a permanent government. In March the Kuomintang voted that all members of the interim government would have to be appointed by the Kuomintang, thus extending its dictatorship and undermining the concept of coalition. In the second place the Kuomintang completely altered the agreement made in January regarding the adoption of the new constitution. The agreement had established an inter-party committee charged with making certain specified modifications of the original draft constitution on the understanding that the Constitutional Assembly would by common agreement accept these changes. The Kuomintang has now voted to turn over all decisions to an Assembly which it appoints and controls. Third, the Kuomintang has violated the January agreement on military unification by drastically upping the relative size of the Kuomintang forces in the new national army.

The second form which the American-Kuomintang betrayal of the unity pact has taken has been the attempt by Chiang Kai-shek, with the aid of American supplies and transport, to seize Manchuria in complete disregard of other elements in China and particularly of the inhabitants of the Manchurian provinces. This outrageous performance is meeting stiff and at the moment successful opposition by the democratic forces.

Now on top of all this comes General Marshall's panicky cry for the extension of a huge credit to Chiang Kai-shek by the United States. Last December President Truman, in laying down American policy toward China, specifically said that the United States would grant financial aid to China only *after* unification. Today there is a frenzied rush in Washington to push through such aid *before* unification—in order, of course, to bolster reaction and prevent unification.

In view of these facts, therefore, it is again imperative that everyone speak up to stop the disastrous course of American policy. There must be no loan until unification is achieved and the commitments made in January fulfilled. Above all, American troops must be immediately withdrawn from China.

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review and comment

A PILLAR OF SOCIETY

Solon saw in earthly success an earnest of heavenly approval. Dreiser's last novel.

By ANNETTE RUBINSTEIN

THE material of *The Bulwark* provides an unusual and effective means of exploring an idea seldom presented in the novel.* This is not, of course, the problem posed on the book's jacket of "the ever-widening gap which is left by modern man's abandonment of religion." Nor does the book's meaning center in the stereotyped conflict between Solon and his irreligious children. Their desertion merely restates the failure of his faith. And since in Solon, Dreiser has deliberately chosen an honest, intelligent, loving and practically successful bulwark of that faith, this failure indicates the essential unsoundness of a philosophy which may be described in historical and not sectarian terms (since all religions in our bourgeois world do, as a matter of fact, accept it) as the philosophy of protestantism; that is, a philospohy which sees in earthly success an earnest of heavenly approval and concerns itself rather with the parable of the ten talents than with that of the needle's eye.

Of course novelists from Fielding on have given us innumerable instances of the "Is the milk watered? The sugar sanded? The scales weighted? All right, then come in to prayers!" school, and almost as many studies of the still more significant self-deceived and self-righteous Gradgrinds and Dodsons. Here, however, Dreiser has chosen a more unusual example of the successful businessman, less realistic in being atypical, but all the more irrefutable as a logical demonstration of the necessary bankruptcy of individualistic ethics in a country of potential plenty. For this reason, if for no other, *The Bulwark*, while not a great book, is a most significant one.

The actual story is a simple one which follows Solon's life from early childhood through old age. An industrious, altruistic, self-denying and sincere Quaker father, who continues to work hard and begins to prosper more rapidly when fortune gives him the management of his sister-in-law's estate, a loving, deeply religious mother, a profoundly happy marriage, and a generous, devout, though somewhat worldly father-in-law, set the tone for Solon's unquestioning acceptance of an earnest, energetic, God-fearing, prosperous adult life.

Yet the intrinsic incompatibility of devotion to practical affairs for the sake of individual accumulation and real devotion to "The Inner Light" is tentatively indicated from the very beginning of the book. In early boyhood Solon has a troubled consciousness of the intangible difference between the poor Friends' School he first attends and that of the more prosperous community to which he then moves; he puzzles over the subtle change in his father's still helpful attitude to poorer neighbors, now mortgagees or tenants rather than customers; he unknowingly shares his father's uneasiness at the increasing distance between the family's former literal obedience to Quaker precepts and the unpretentious but real comfort, or modest luxury, of its later life.

Nor is the development of this theme confined to Solon. Both his father and his wealthy father-in-law are also repeatedly disturbed by recurrent contradictions between their growing prosperity and their seemingly unchanged ethics, and the latter even evolves a self-conscious theory of the rich man as God's steward which he is occasionally moved to utter at First Day Meetings. Yet the point at which prudence and industry and their natural results become absorption with material things instead of obedience to the divine will is as difficult to determine in advance as are most changes from difference of degree to difference of kind, and we are not surprised that there is no moment at which either Rufus or Justus or, later, Solon himself, finds any reason to interrupt the successful search for further profitable investments.

Solon's youthful marriage with his rather shadowy childhood sweetheart is a fortunate one in every way, and he and Benecia remain devoted to each other and to their much-loved five children. His public life is no less serene. Regular promotions, steady increase of income, growing respect from all church and business associates, and an undiminished conviction of the worth of good banking and bankers, which is barely ruffled by his distaste for certain over-adventurous new associates and the speculative practices they attempt to introduce, compose so idyllic a picture we may well be tempted to question it.

Surely there must have been some instances of internal conflict in the career of any good man who had to foreclose as many mortgages as Solon did! But Dreiser seems more concerned with logical than with artistic completeness, and the very assumption that Solon was uniformly kind, honest, and practically successful gives his failure a more universal significance. For despite the fact that he is almost invariably punctilious in obedience to all the tenets of his faith as interpreted by "The Inner Light," long before the book ends we perceive his essential surrender. He himself often suffers a half-formulated feeling that he has somehow lost the spiritual reality which moved in his mother's life and informed his own youth, and the full truth of this stifled suspicion is apparent when we see that his religion, carefully and sincerely observed throughout their childhood, has not vitality enough left to affect one of his five children!

An interesting sidelight here is Dreiser's insight into the unerring perception with which all the children

*THE BULWARK, *by Theodore Dreiser. Doubleday, Doran, $2.75. Book Find Club, $1.35.*

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sense the unrealistic nature of their elders' conscious values and resent standards of thrift and industry which no longer have a genuine social function. They have, however, nothing with which to replace these values and at least four of the five "come to no good." Their catastrophes are plausible and varied, including lonely spinsterhood, a cold and empty business marriage, an unhappy love affair and, for the youngest, a jail suicide at seventeen.

Throughout the book Dreiser's peculiarly matter-of-fact style, here applied to uncharacteristically conventional material, gives the effect of a summarized biography rather than a novel. His use of seemingly unselected incidents, carefully annotated lists of dinner guests who are never again referred to, and quick objective descriptions of plot characters on their first entrance all increase the resemblance to a sort of case history whose interpretation rests with the reader rather than with the reporter.

Except for a few reminiscent flashes of his early naive wonder at the lack of any moral structure in the physical universe—amazement that a child can cause pain with no evil intention, or that a beautiful insect must destroy a beautiful plant in order to live—Dreiser maintains an utterly impersonal detachment throughout the book. I think it is this which leaves the reader with a curious feeling of incompleteness when he has first finished it. Rereading, or perhaps merely a reconsideration, will, I believe, show that it is only one's habitual expectation of the judge's summary which was disappointed—the verdict itself is directed by more than sufficient evidence.

For despite its seeming lack of deliberate intention or judgment, there are few American novels which so clearly illustrate the basic nature of economic phenomena in social life, the fundamental importance of the historical method in interpreting seemingly stable values, and the ethical irrelevance of subjective attitudes which find no commensurate objective expression. It is as a stimulus to such thinking in the field of Marxist ethics that this book makes its real contribution.

Mystic Souffle

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED, *by Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown.* $2.50.

EVELYN WAUGH's newest novel, *Brideshead Revisited*, appeared early this year with the critical fanfare that usually heralds an important literary "event." Thus, its ascent in the best seller lists was not entirely unexpected, nor was the fact that it was soon overtopped by such sturdy items as *The Black Rose* and *The King's General*. After four months, however, *Brideshead Revisited* is no lower than eighth place in the list; which is not bad for a book that Christopher Morley will tell you has "the horror and sweetness and delicate contagion of sophisticated memories." Let it be said that Mr. Morley refuses resolutely to find any "social and serious feeling" in the novel. He likes Mr. Waugh for his "souffle manner": something very tasty for jaded palates.

But those who are familiar with Waugh's earlier novels must be aware of a difference in this novel that Mr. Morley's opinions take little into account. Though Waugh has never been interested in healthy people, never before this novel has he dealt with a group of human beings in a manner calculated to kindle sympathy for them in the reader. Before, there were stray individuals for whom he showed a strange compassion—but never, say, a whole family. The structure of *Brideshead Revisited* has a foundation in the special emotion which is evoked for the story-teller by a Catholic family, the Marchmains of Brideshead. The novel exposes to us the deterioration of this family, but also tells us that for each member of this family Catholicism is his refuge in his ultimate distress. If this were not a serious theme, and if Waugh did not take it seriously, I doubt that the novel would have been given such marked attention in the Catholic press; reviews that I read were divided between an ecstatic praise for the sensitivity of his handling of a Catholic theme and severe censure for the unflattering light in which he has shown his Catholics.

At this point a glance at his earlier novels may serve to show something of the course that Waugh has followed in his fiction. Before *Brideshead Revisited* Waugh had achieved a *success de scandal* for his deadly satire of the British aristocracy and its institutions; his menagerie of characters was anointed in its traditions and was presumably the guardian of its future. Waugh took particular delight in examining the frayed edges of that society. Elegant examples of the parasitism of the owning classes were caught in his net; the well-born, idle or busy, wealthy or out-of-funds, they and the creatures they attached themselves to, were the chief victims of his lethal thrusts. If, to be sure, there were sly hints in these novels of deeply-seated prejudices against dark races, popular movements, democratic ideas, Waugh better than any other British novelist caught the picture of the crazed drive for meaningless and frustrated activity on which this society thrived. The completeness of his annihilations suggested a critic who found nothing in his society worth salvaging but his savage amusement at the follies of his own class.

Curiously, in the present novel his social animosities are somewhat subdued in tone by a nostalgic recall of the story-teller's youth and the way his life was charmed into shape by his associations with Brideshead. Brideshead is the home of an old family of the small Catholic aristocracy of the British Isles. The contradictions between the *mores* of modern wealthy and titled society and the possession of the faith have cut apart the members of the Marchmain family. Their weaknesses are so arrant, their follies so manifest, that their lives approach the chaotic confusion that Waugh represented so caustically in previous novels. Brideshead stands for the beauty of recent centuries, the lost serenities of other ways of life—in a word, for illusions that fleetingly lend grace and affection to the people who come under its spell. Captain Charles Ryder, the story-teller, is smitten by this spell at Oxford, where he falls in love (*sic*) with Lord Sebastian Flyte, the younger son of the family, and again ten years later, in his love for Sebastian's sister Julia.

One might say that the common weakness of the members of this family is their inability to be anything more than charming anachronisms. (I may mention the younger daughter as an exception: she does drive an ambulance for Franco's fascists. She is an earnest and tireless Catholic and a believer in action.) Since Brideshead is so clearly vestigial, so hauntingly a reminder of values for which the present offers no equivalent in the mind of the story-teller, the plight of the Marchmains cannot appeal to us even on the author's very narrow grounds. And since the spokesman for their claims is indifferent if not hateful to most of human life that exists outside this tiny isle of decadent memories, one must conclude that this theme is woven out of a family history that is

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"Harvesters," by Antonio Frasconi. Part of a one-man exhibition of woodcuts at the Brooklyn Museum through June 9.

remote and precious to the point of absurdity. If one cannot be convinced of the significance of their sins, one cannot be very much moved by the form of their redemption. It means very little that people who are so self-isolated from humanity can renounce a world to which they have contributed nothing.

The turn that Waugh has taken in *Brideshead Revisited* throws a new light on his work. No man could make his subject the follies of his class without showing some concern about where his assaults would lead him. No man could deal so brilliantly with the symptoms of a disease without finally considering the nature of the disease. But this novel shows that Waugh's interest in society was always esoteric and that his satire was a malevolently personal force. He could hate without measure because he was so completely identified with the irresponsibles he wrote about. His only distinction was that he could articulate for his kind. Now when he turns up at last his treasures, the memories that he has cherished for the time when he too would be surfeited with folly, he shows a precious band of sufferers, irrational as frightened children. When their hysteria or fear or self-loathing reaches a crisis stage, they blindly fling themselves on the one refuge that remains for them, the mysticism of the Catholic Church. The parallel between the artist and his characters is obvious. He too must find the refuge from his past in the authority of the hierarchy's political-clerical reaction.

It seems unnecessary to discuss the literary qualities of *Brideshead Revisited* since many reviewers have insisted that they are the saving grace of the book. I think that the "Maltz controversy" has sufficiently demonstrated the fatuity of this argument for the excellence of a reactionary book at the present time. Any partial enjoyment of the novel on these grounds is vitiated by its total effect. ALAN BENOIT.

America's Frontier?

NEW FRONTIERS IN ASIA, *by Philip Jaffe. Knopf. $3.*

PHILIP JAFFE is the long-time editor of *Amerasia*, a magazine remarkable for its fearless, full and accurate documentation of events in the Far East and of British and American Far Eastern policy. Last summer, when the State Department moguls tried to stop the mouths of publicists and junior officials who criticized their backing of reactionary forces in China and Japan, he was a defendant in the "Case of the Six." His present book lives up to the *Amerasia* tradition in its factual sections, which are extremely valuable.

The extensive treatment of India, China and Japan begins, in the case of each country, with a politico-economic survey and goes on to trace the stunting and distortion of its modern development by imperialism and feudalism, which have in many cases been allied. Jaffe shows how this has led to such diverse results as deepening colonial slavery and economic crisis in India, ceaseless civil war in China, and the military-fascist monster of Japan's feudal-based industry. He outlines the record and aims of different class groupings within the eastern countries in the light of their actions and of such documents as Chiang Kai-shek's *China's Destiny* and Mao Tse-tung's *New Democracy*, the "Bombay Plan" of the Indian mill-owners, the Congress intellectual "Nehru Plan" and the publications of the rising Indian Communist Party.

The chapters devoted to wartime mutations in great power policy contain a full account of events in American-Chinese relations from Stilwell to Hurley. There is an extremely good, new and well-documented section on the maneuvers of British imperialism to tighten its hold on India through the manipulation of currency and credit and its success in changing Siam from a semi-colonial buffer state into a British colony in all but name. The general aspects and Far Eastern effects of the postwar change in the relative economic and political weight of Britain and the United States are systematically enumerated.

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But although the factual chapters of the book deserve reading by every student, Jaffe's conclusions and prognoses do not check with his own conscientiously gathered information. Both the name of the book and the posing of the problem in the introduction lead to a tortured logic.

Let us take the book's title, *New Frontiers in Asia*. When Jaffe speaks of America's frontiers, the frontiers of America as she is, he assumes that the extension of investment and trade will benefit both the American and Oriental peoples, politically and economically. In discussing monopolies he says, "It must be recognized that it was only because cartels functioned in an ever-contracting world system of production and distribution that they developed their reactionary and oppressive characteristics." But Marxist science of society tells us that monopolies are the form of organization of declining capitalism when it has *ceased* to be a progressive force. They themselves create the contraction of world economy and lead to a tooth-and-nail war for the redivision of the world's territory and resources. That they could sell more goods in an expanding market is true, but the prime interest of a monopoly is now not only economic but also political, between imperialism and the socialist and colonial independence movements. The undeveloped countries may buy from monopoly capital, but politically, at this stage of world history, they are the natural allies of socialism.

Now let us take the facts. British monopoly capital faced no international restrictions in India, which it acquired long before the United States became a rival. The frontiers of today's America in Puerto Rico have not improved the lot of the people there. It is sufficient to compare the American and Soviet attitudes to China's democratic revolution, to compare Uzbekistan to India and Daghestan to the Virgin Islands to understand that the frontiers of imperialism and the frontiers of the colonial peoples cannot and do not coincide.

And the American people today? Their main frontier runs along the picket lines right here in this country. Their frontier in Asia is important too, but it is less tangible physically. It lies with the struggles of the Chinese and colonial peoples and in dousing Asiatic embers of an American-Soviet war, and they can avoid defeat there only by impeding the reactionary drive of US monopoly capital in Asia.

And the American imperialist frontier in Asia is very real. Today it is held in China by General Wedemeyer and in Indonesia, as a result of Mr. Byrnes' fine sensibilities, by lend-lease equipment without markings.

Everything else in Mr. Jaffe's analysis flows from his effort to ignore these facts. For instance he is capable of saying (page 6) that "China has won her political independence as a result of the cancellation by Britain and America of the unequal treaties . . . and consequently, is in a position to undertake a program of economic development free from foreign pressure. . . ." What is the reality? The Chinese people have survived the Japanese invasion by a heroic struggle. The abolition of the unequal treaties was a bribe to the Kuomintang to keep it in the war when it was wavering toward the Axis, and can be turned to China's advantage only if the people's movement there is consolidated and strengthened. Far from being freed, China today is once more menaced by foreign domination from which only her people, who do not want foreign troops or foreign-imposed dictators to rule them, can possibly save her.

On page 214, Mr. Jaffe remarks that "the recall of General Stilwell and Ambassador Gauss marked the beginning of a new American policy. . . ." Stilwell was a true democratic American and Gauss a better diplomat than most. But the policy they represented was produced by the strategic emergency, lasted for only a few months, and was aborted by Washington and Chiang Kai-shek before even a single rifle had been sent to the people's armies. At the same time America was arming not only Chiang's troops but also Tai Li's secret police. So the bad "Hurley policy" was not new at all but a resumption of the main trend, after a new approach was rejected. Equally, the shift from Hurley to Marshall today stems from the fact that the military and political opposition to the Chiang-Hurley scheme proved too strong for even the Kuomintang, the Marines and the Japanese between them to smash at a stroke. The aversion of the American people to sending millions of men to Asia and drifting into an anti-Soviet war helped too.

Within China Mr. Jaffe hopes that the return of the Kuomintang to the industrialized coast and Manchuria will "mean a revival of the political power and influence of the industrial and banking groups (as opposed to the feudal groups of the hinterland) whose more progressive attitude toward in-

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dustrialization has been overshadowed by the reactionary outlook of the landed gentry." In fact China's compradore bankers have never played a progressive role. Her industrial bourgeoisie is weak and also tainted by compradorism. It tries to use the people's movement for its own ends when imperialism and feudalism press it too strongly, but blocs itself with them most of the time. In 1927-37, the bankers and industrialists were powerful, yet they fought a civil war—and not against the landlords. Only the strength of the people's movement in China can provide real national independence and make the political changes necessary for industrialization. The bourgeoisie will then truly have greater economic scope than now, but it will never be the vanguard of the change.

With regard to India, Jaffe takes it for granted that the chief concern of American policy is to free her. He admonishes American monopolies that the more they try to dislodge Britain from her markets everywhere, the more she will hang on. He assumes also that Britain is looking for a chance to leave the Indians to themselves and asks America to make it easy for her. "For the United States," he says, "the major question is under what circumstances will Great Britain relinquish the substantial advantage she now enjoys by virtue of her control over Indian industry, finance and trade and remove the restrictions hitherto imposed on Indian political and economic development—in short give India complete freedom to be the mistress of her own destiny." American capital is indeed interested in the first part of the question. The second is a non-sequitur. Only the efforts of the Indian people can gain them independence. Some developments in Anglo-American relations can create a better situation for these efforts than others, but to assume that either an Anglo-American struggle over her markets or an agreement between them to exploit her jointly will of themselves free India is to defy both history and common sense.

The treatment of the Soviet Union, which Mr. Jaffe likes and admires, is likewise vitiated by his diplomatic-economist theory of international relations. He begins by asking: "Is Soviet policy likely to be an aid or an obstacle to the development of these (American industry's) frontiers?" In his reply he declares that the Soviet Union will never be a trade competitor because it cannot saturate its internal market, and

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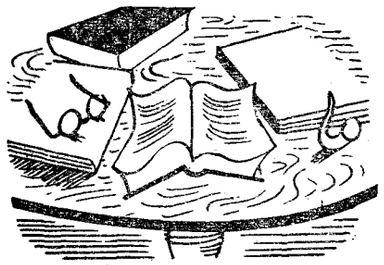

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forgets to say altogether that the Soviet Union is a Socialist state. But is anything to be gained by presenting the USSR as a vacuum actuated by a desire to keep out of everyone's way? The Soviet Union is a great power among great powers, with its own frontiers, both economic and military, and a definite place both in diplomacy and trade and in the world of the peoples. As a national economy it needs imports to develop itself internally and will export what it can to pay for them. As a socialist country that has solved, among other things, its national problem, it has a power of example and "attraction" for the colonial peoples above all, as observers like Owen Lattimore have noted.

Well, will it or will it not impede America's frontiers? The answer is that it will not impede the upbuilding of backward countries which can only take place if these countries are independent and can trade on fair terms with American and other industry. But it cannot help being an obstacle to the Wedemeyer-Indonesian type of frontier, and as the recent debates in the UN show the Soviet Union is not afraid to introduce this fact into its diplomacy. It seems to me that it is more important for international collaboration to point out the big and distinctive place of the Soviet Union in the postwar world than to pretend it isn't there.

NORMAN EBERHARDT.

Capitalist Economics

THE NATURE OF CAPITALISM, *by Anna Rochester. International. 35c.*

"THE NATURE OF CAPITALISM" is a revised and substantially improved version of Miss Rochester's earlier booklet *Capitalism and Progress*, reviewed in New Masses last May. The revised booklet can be considered an elementary preparatory work for the study of Marxist economics. It is partially an effort to give the history of American economic development from colonial times to the present day a scientific Marxist appraisal. The main part of the book, however, consists of chapters describing the economic anatomy of capitalism in general, the creation and meaning of value and surplus value, of accumulation and concentration of capital, of cyclical crises and the rise of the trusts and monopolies which marked the imperialist stage of development of capitalism. While these chapters expound the theoretical aspects of economics and in some measure are illustrated with concrete facts of American as well as European capitalism, they do not constitute the continuous picture of American economic development which was begun in the first chapter and which is so necessary today.

Despite this somewhat debatable weakness, this is the first effort to present the Marxist economic science in condensed form and to illustrate at least in part how it applies to the capitalism in America. Miss Rochester's booklet is a worthy first step in a direction that requires much more examination, Marxist thinking and collaboration. Her work would have additional value had she appended a list of basic works on Marxist economics and the sequence in which they should be studied. Popularizations of Marxism are extremely useful but must be consciously presented as both invitations and preparations for the study of the original writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin.

RALPH BOWMAN.

Whose "Guilt"?

UNDERTOW, *by Howard Maier. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.*

"UNDERTOW" divides into two distinct parts, the first a remarkably true description of a sensitive personality slowly broken by the impact of the Army's impersonal cruelty, implacable routine, and perpetuation of a class system. When its hero witnesses the lynching of an innocent Negro soldier the culminating point is reached and we see the death of a personality. Up to this point, the work is technically and creatively outstanding.

The second part of the story deals with its attempted resuscitation through psychoanalysis. The descriptive skill is maintained, but the flashbacks, valid in themselves, tend to disbalance the first part of the novel. The breakdown is relocated in a sense of guilt fixed in family relationships. A social situation is reduced to an individual case history and where both might have served to illuminate each other here they confront each other in contradiction.

Still Howard Maier's first novel is a fine one, though it could better have integrated individual and social sources of its human conflicts.

MACK ENNIUS.

Worth Noting

THE George Washington Carver School, 57 W. 125th St., New York, is offering some fifty courses in

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the Spring term, which began on April 22. There are daytime sessions in Spanish, English, mathematics and general subjects, as well as the regular evening courses in which the emphasis is placed on the Negro as worker: "Trade Unions and the Anti-discrimination Struggle," "History of the Trade Union Movement in America," and courses in political economy, the development of society, imperialism and the colonial world, etc.

Charles Ives' Third Symphony

THE April 5 concert of the League of Composers was distinguished by the presentation of Charles Ives' Third Symphony. The fact that this strong and beautiful work has had to wait forty-two years for a first performance, and before a small and specialized audience at that, is of itself complete proof of the low place music holds in American cultural life. These are forty-two years of shame for American musical culture and of tragic loss to American music.

Ives, now sixty-seven years old, was one of the men of genius who appeared about the turn of the century—men who created powerfully, with originality, and as Americans in every field of culture; Ives was somewhat younger than Albert Ryder, contemporaneous with Theodore Dreiser, John Marin and Vernon Louis Parrington, and somewhat older than Carl Sandburg. By "Americans" I do not mean that these men indulged in jingoism, but that they created as artists who loved their country, were proud of its democratic history, and were deeply critical of its lapses from the freedom and equality for which it stood to its people.

All of them had to fight for recognition. The populists had been defeated in a series of bitter elections. Leadership in American society had been taken over by men who, as Henry Adams pointed out, announced that America was a capitalist country and had to be run by capitalists, for capitalists. A young imperialism was feeling its way in China and Latin America. The atmosphere was not healthy for culture, especially a proud and critical American culture. The battle for at least partial recognition was won first in literature, where the broadest audience existed. Painting followed, under the impact of the great new French art, which educated an entire generation in how to look at pictures. In music the score is still close to zero.

A mere recital of the original qualities of this Ives symphony, completed in 1904, is eye-opening. It has the unresolved dissonances and open chords which Debussey was creating at the same time in France, under the name of "impressionist" music. It has "neo-classic" fugues a generation before composers, under the impact of Stravinsky and Schonberg, were going back to classic models. It has polyphonic rhythms, two and three rhythms played against each other, a decade before Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" popularized such a method of writing. It employs an American folk idiom a generation or more before such composers as Copland, Harris, Siegmeister, Gruenberg and Blitzstein were seeking such an idiom.

If this sounds like a clinical report, as if Ives were a scholarly experimenter and investigator of the resources of his craft, the truth is different. All of these innovations flow naturally as part of a lively and deeply expressive music, flowering out of his melodic language. His music is completely listenable, and enjoyable, granted the few hearings which every big artist needs to accustom listeners to his manner of speech. If he writes fugues, it is for the same reason that Handel wrote them, to double and triple the expressive power of a flowing melody; and it seems to me that his fugal writing smells less of the workshop than that of any composer since Beethoven. His use of an American folk idiom is not narrow and chauvinistic, as is that of some artists who use a phony Americanism to attack everything foreign, but is in the manner of Bach's use of the Lutheran chorales and Schubert's of the Viennese song and dance; as a fresh idiom, close to him, and yet united with all that he found good in the world heritage of music. The form of this symphony is at once bold and traditional. It is different from the classic model, starting with a broad, slow prelude and fugue, going into a scherzo, and ending with another slow, contrapuntal, chorale-like movement, it is tra-

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ditional in that it preserves, better than most twentieth century symphonies, the human breadth and sense of public address that were basic to to the symphony as Haydn and Beethoven developed it.

This is a social music. Its roots are not as obvious as in the composer's somewhat episodic "Concord Sonata," in which he based his four movements upon his ideas of Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott and Thoreau, translating into musical terms the independence of mind, fantasy and love of life of these New England thinkers. But his affectionate use of old hymn tunes, for instance, in this work, as the basis for a serene and warmly human music, carries the feeling of the democracy and fellowship that was latent within the New England Protestant congregations. It does not carry an explicit message, as does, for instance, Marc Blitzstein's "Airborne" symphony; but it provides an idiom, a structure, a human content in strong and expressive musical terms, which can make such a message not only immediately effective, as Blitzstein's is, but deeper and longer-lasting.

Through the neglect of Ives a deep loss has been sustained by the composer, the public and the music of America. Ives has suffered as a musician. There is no doubt that his development would have been vastly enriched could he have checked his writing by its actual sound, and been encouraged by the reactions of his listeners. As it was he had to make music his hobby and spend his time making a living in insurance. There is no doubt that the writing of music in America would have been vastly strengthened had his music been widely known and absorbed into the national consciousness, as it very well could have been.

ALSO on the program was "Portals," by Carl Ruggles. It is a work of recondite beauty, in a style and technique evolved independently of outside influences. Its lovely dissonances suffered, however, through inadequate rehearsal, the final chord or ultimate "portal" having none of the apocalyptic effect as when rendered by the Conductorless Orchestra years ago. Perhaps after all this work would sound better in the earlier version for a large body of players. Major orchestras are herewith urged to give six minutes of their program time to this composition by one of the great pioneers of

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American music, and a master of dissonant counterpoint.

The first half of the program was devoted to works by three young American composers, Harry Hewitt, Alexei Haieff and Arthur Berger. To me it was a demonstration of the futility of neo-classic writing unless coupled with unusual creative imagination. To be sure in each case something came through, in spite of insufficient rehearsing. Joseph Barone, the organization's regular conductor and a capable leader, conducted this part of the program.

The final number was Lou Harrison's "Motet for the Day of Ascension." I take exception only to the name, as the work sounded very beautiful in its atonal dissonance. This young composer made his initial appearance as conductor in the latter half of the program, and was responsible for the unearthing of the Ives Symphony and for the resuscitation of "Portals." It is a lucky break for contemporary American music that it has found in Mr. Harrison so gifted a protagonist.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

Harnessing the Atom

(*Continued from page 9*)

because a sphere has the least surface for a given volume of material, thus reducing to a minimum the chance of neutrons escaping.

5. Solutions of this problem are not revealed in any material publicly available.

6. Ditto.

7. Uranium and other radioactive materials are usually enclosed in thick lead containers which absorb their penetrating rays. No doubt the experience of the past was very valuable here. As a matter of fact it is indicated in the public press that many significant techniques were developed just in the course of learning how to protect the working personnel. It is also indicated that some of the discoveries will have application to the study of cancer and other medical problems. It has been known for some time that while the emanations from the radioactive substances are harmful to healthy tissue, some types of cancerous tissue can be destroyed by the same rays. No disclosures have been permitted in this field in the name of military security.

In the next installment I will discuss the social and political implications of atomic energy.

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